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THE STORY
OF
Captain Meriwether Lewis and
Captain William Clark

FOR YOUNG READERS

BY
NELLIE F. KINGSLEY
With an Introduction by THE EDITOR



WERNER SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY
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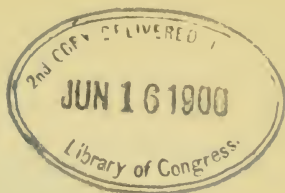
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Merivether Lewis Capt.
1st US Regt Inftry.

INTRODUCTION

The exploration of the Mississippi River was accomplished by the French a little more than two hundred years ago. La Salle, in 1682, was the first white man to trace the course of that great stream to the place where its waters flow into the Gulf of Mexico. Landing upon an island at the mouth of the river, he set up the arms of France, and took possession of the country in the name of King Louis XIV.

To the entire region drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries he gave the name of Louisiana, in honor of the king. This region included the greater part of what is now the United States. It extended from the Alleghany Mountains to the Rockies, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

The French made a few settlements and established trading-posts at different places along the Mississippi; but they never advanced far into the country that bordered it on the west. The whole of that vast region remained an unknown land.

Now and then the Indians who visited the French trading-posts would tell strange stories of a mighty river that flowed westward, of a lake whose waters were bitter with salt, and of a strange people in the Far West who rode on horseback and wore armor. But no white man had ventured far enough into those wilds to prove or disprove the truth of these tales.

It had been one of La Salle's dreams that a waterway extended from the region of the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean. He thought that such a waterway, once discovered, would afford a direct route across the continent—a route by which China and the East could be easily and quickly reached. For at that time nobody knew how far it was to the Pacific coast, nor was the great width of the western ocean taken into account.

After the death of La Salle other Frenchmen hoped to find that his dream was true; and the stories which the Indians related of a great river west of the Mississippi encouraged their hopes.

At length a French Canadian known as the *Sieur de Vérendrye* determined to explore the western country, and if possible discover the long-sought water-route to the Pacific. He had been for several years in command of a fort and trading-

post near the head of Lake Superior, and the Sioux Indians who visited him there had related most wonderful things about the region which they said lay between their own country and the setting sun.

Anxious to be the first to explore that mysterious land, he laid his plans before the king of France, hoping to receive some sort of aid. The king was very much pleased, and was entirely willing that he should undertake the expedition at his own expense. He told Vérendrye that he might have the exclusive trade in furs in whatever country he should discover, but as for any further encouragement he must not expect it.

Like other explorers, some of whom have been more successful than he, Vérendrye was not to be discouraged. In 1731, with his three sons and a company of Canadian adventurers, he set out for the distant West. Early in the following year the party reached the western shore of the Lake of the Woods, and there built a fort. This was hundreds of miles beyond any other post or settlement that had yet been established.

Here Vérendrye remained for four or five years, trading with the Indians and exploring vast stretches of country on every side. In 1738, he pushed still farther west, and built a log fort on

the Assiniboine River. Troubles and disappointments, however, were constantly at hand. The presents which had been intended for the Indians were stolen, some of the men died, and others were dissatisfied and rebellious.

In spite of all this, however, Vérendrye made a journey southward into the country of the Mandans, and reached the Missouri River at some point now in the state of North Dakota. The Mandans repeated the old story of a great westward-flowing river, and told him that, at the distance of only one day's journey farther west, there lived a nation of men who rode horses and went into battle with their bodies incased in iron.

After suffering great hardships, Vérendrye, utterly disheartened, returned to Canada. The work which he had undertaken now devolved upon his sons. With their headquarters still on the Assiniboine, they made various expeditions into the vast unknown region towards the sources of that river and the Missouri. On one of these expeditions they saw the towering peaks of a range of mountains, probably the Big Horn Range, in what is now the northern part of Wyoming.

Returning to the Missouri, they buried near its banks a leaden plate containing the arms of France,

and took formal possession of the country in the name of King Louis XV.

The elder Vérendrye, broken-hearted on account of his many failures, died in 1749, and a French officer of great courage and enterprise named Legardeur de St. Pierre was sent out to continue the search for the mysterious western river.

From the fort on the Assiniboine, St. Pierre sent a party up the Saskatchewan River to a point considerably farther than had yet been reached by white men. There they obtained a good view of the great mountains to the westward, and gave to them the name which they still bear—*Montagnes des Roches*, or Rocky Mountains. This was in 1751. Soon afterward St. Pierre sent out a second party; but it never returned, nor did any news of its fate ever reach the lonely post on the Assiniboine.

Discouraged on account of the many difficulties which he was unable to overcome, St. Pierre returned to Canada in 1753. The French and Indian War was just then beginning, and the exploration of the West was abandoned. For fifty years longer the vast region remained an unknown land, inhabited by wild Indians and visited only by strolling traders, trappers, and French voyageurs.

In 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then at the head of the French government, ceded the whole vast territory of Louisiana to the United States. The price which he received was fifteen



million dollars. The region thus transferred to our government included all the country west of the Mississippi and between the possessions of Spain on the south and those of Great Britain on the north. It embraced the territory comprising the present states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, and Wyoming, besides a portion of Idaho and the greater part of Colorado, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory.

At the time this great purchase was made, Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States.

For many years Jefferson had had in mind the exploration of that unknown land. Long before it had come into the possession of the United States he had encouraged John Ledyard, an American traveler, to undertake such an exploration.

It was Ledyard's plan to reach the great West by traveling eastward. Sailing from New York, he first visited Paris, after which he journeyed through Germany, Sweden, and northern Russia, arriving finally at Irkutsk, then as now the most important town in Siberia. It was his intention to continue onward to some seaport in Kamchatka, and then to cross the Pacific to North America. But at Irkutsk he was arrested by



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Russian officers, who carried him back to Poland, and assured him that if he again entered Russia he should suffer death. Disappointed, ragged, and penniless, he made his way back to London, and all his plans were abandoned.

A few years after this, through Mr. Jefferson's encouragement, another effort was made to send an exploring party into the regions watered by the Missouri. A company was actually formed, and placed under the command of André Michaux, a famous French botanist and traveler. But before the expedition had crossed the Mississippi, Michaux was recalled by his own government.

At last, however, the time came when the world should no longer remain in ignorance concerning the land that had hitherto been unvisited and unknown. Scarcely had the transfer been made to the United States before President Jefferson had perfected his plans for an expedition thither to explore its rivers and mountains and discover its hidden resources. By his recommendation this expedition was placed under the command of two young Virginians, Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark; and before the summer of 1803 was ended a company was formed and on its way to the West.

LEWIS AND CLARK

CHAPTER I

THE TWO CAPTAINS

Meriwether Lewis was just eight months old when the first guns of our Revolutionary War were fired at Lexington. He was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, not far from the home of Thomas Jefferson.

The Lewis family was one of the most distinguished in Virginia, and Meriwether's father and uncles were noted for their courage and patriotism. All were wealthy and enterprising, and one of his granduncles had married a sister of George Washington.

From his very cradle the lad was accustomed to hear much talk of brave deeds done for the love of country; and as soon as he was able to run about by himself he began to show a daring spirit that was very wonderful in a child of his age. It is said that when only eight years of age he

would often go out at night, alone with his dogs, to hunt raccoons and opossums in the dark woods. What a fearless little fellow he must have been!

In the pursuit of his game nothing could discourage him. Wading through deep snow and streams of icy water, and caring naught for storms or darkness, he would press onward when even stout men had given up the chase. And so it continued throughout his whole life: when he made up his mind to do a thing, he was quite sure to do it.

When he was thirteen years old he was sent to a famous Latin school in Charlottesville, kept by two parsons of the village. We do not know that he distinguished himself as a Latin scholar, but we are told that he had a great love for nature, and that the objects which he delighted most to study were the plants and animals of Virginia.

He left school when he was eighteen, and with a younger brother undertook the management of his mother's farm, for his father had died several years before. But farming was dull business for one of his adventurous nature, and before he was twenty-one he enlisted as a volunteer in the state militia.

Two years later he was chosen captain of his

company, and soon afterward became the paymaster of the regiment. A young man who shows himself to be both able and enterprising is almost always sure of promotion.

When Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States, he looked about him for a private secretary, and could find no one better suited for the place than Meriwether Lewis. It must be confessed, however, that, with all his good qualities, the young man was a very poor speller.

It was in March, 1801, when Lewis entered the service of the President. He was then nearly twenty-seven years old. Two years later Mr. Jefferson appointed him leader of the exploring party which the government was about to send to the Far West.

"I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him," said the President. Why? Because he was known to be a man of courage and firmness and perseverance; because he was a born leader of men; because he had studied the character of the Indians, and knew how to deal with them; because he was a skilled hunter and understood all the lore of the woods; and because he was honest, liberal, exact, and truthful.

Seldom has any man been better fitted by

nature and education for a great undertaking like this. He needed only to learn the scientific terms used in botany, and how to make such astronomical observations as might be necessary in describing his journey; and to acquire this knowledge he spent two busy months in Philadelphia, receiving instruction from the ablest professors in that city.

Early in July he was ready to start on his famous journey. Astronomical instruments, presents for the Indians, tents, and various other supplies had been ordered, and these he was to find at Pittsburg. The men who were to accompany him were to be selected at various settlements and posts along the Ohio.

President Jefferson was too wise and cautious to intrust so great an undertaking to one man. He knew that if Captain Lewis lived, all would go well. But what if some accident should befall him, and the expedition have no leader? To provide against such an emergency he selected Captain William Clark, at that time living near Louisville, Kentucky, to be Lewis's companion and helper.

Who was this Captain William Clark?

He was the younger brother of General George Rogers Clark, the famous Virginian commander,



Wm. Clark

who in 1780 drove the British from the Old Northwest and won that vast region for America.

William Clark, like Meriwether Lewis, was born near Charlottesville, Virginia. He was only ten years of age at the time of his brother's famous triumph, and before he was old enough to bear arms the Revolutionary War was ended.

When he was fourteen his parents moved to Kentucky and settled near the falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands. The place was in the heart of the wilderness. A fort was there, and around it were clustered the cabins of a few backwoodsmen. All else was a wild solitude.

Young William had not the advantages of a modern education, but he was schooled in the rough experiences of frontier life. We know very little about his boyhood and youth, but that he proved himself both brave and honorable there is no doubt. Before he was seventeen he was admitted into the famous society of the Cincinnati, and his certificate of membership was signed by General Washington.

At eighteen he became an ensign in the army under General St. Clair, and at twenty-one he was made a lieutenant. When General Wayne made his famous expedition against the Indians of the

Northwest, Captain William Clark went with him, having command of a rifle company.

When the Indian war was over he resigned from the army and went back to Kentucky. There he settled on a farm not far from Louisville, where he lived in quiet for several years.

To Captain Lewis and President Jefferson no other man seemed better fitted to aid in conducting the exploration of the Far West. Both were well acquainted with him, and they knew him to be a person of rare good judgment, accustomed to the rough life of the frontier.

It was at Captain Lewis's invitation that Clark consented to join the expedition. And late in the fall of 1803 the two men met at Louisville, and then went on to St. Louis with the little company that had been collected on the way.

In those days news traveled very slowly, and the French officers at St. Louis had not yet heard of the sale of the country to the United States. As winter was now setting in, the two captains with their party encamped on the east side of the Mississippi and waited for spring. The long, cold months were spent in drilling the men and in making things ready for the start as soon as the ice should disappear from the Missouri.

CHAPTER II

THE START

On Monday, the 14th of May, 1804, at four o'clock of a rainy afternoon, an odd-looking craft slowly entered the current of the Missouri River at the point where it pours its yellow, tumbling tide into the Mississippi. This strange vessel was fifty-five feet long, and was propelled by twenty-two oars. It had also a square sail, which was hoisted when the wind was favorable.

In the bow and stern of the boat were little ten-foot decks with cabins beneath. The space between the decks was filled with lockers or boxes, which could be lifted up for a breastwork in case an enemy should attack the boat. Great boxes and bales of goods had been carefully packed below.

If we could have looked into these boxes, we should have seen clothes and tools, household goods and utensils, and great quantities of guns and ammunition. There were laced coats, cocked hats, bright feathers, medals, flags, knives, toma-

hawks, beads, looking-glasses, bright handkerchiefs, paints, gimlets, axes, kettles, mills, and various other things that were supposed to be pleasing to the Indians.

At the side of the large boat were two small rowboats. In these and in the larger vessel were woodsmen, hunters, guides, servants, and soldiers—forty-five men in all. One young man was in command. Along the shore two men were leading the



THE START

hunters' horses. Slowly the boats made their way against the strong current; but to those who watched them from the shore, they were soon out of sight in the mist and rain.

A rainy night set in, and the party landed and went into camp only four miles above their starting-place. The river's yellow, sullen flood rolled

by them, carrying with it masses of shifting sands and tumbling tree-trunks. There was danger that these tree-trunks might come in contact with the great boat as it struggled against the stream, and wreck it with all its contents. This danger was increased because the boat was too heavily loaded at the stern.

On the next day, therefore, the carefully stored bales and boxes were removed from their places and shifted into the bow of the boat. This took time and hard work, but after it was done the little vessel moved not only with greater safety, but with more speed.

In the afternoon of the third day of their journey they arrived at the little town of St. Charles, about twenty-one miles from their starting-place, and here they determined to stop for a time. Here they found gay French people, living a careless, happy life, supporting themselves by hunting and trade and the products of their beautiful gardens.

These people warmly welcomed the travelers, and made their stay of five days as pleasant as could be desired.

Captain Lewis, who had been detained in St. Louis, now joined the party, and on the 21st of May the voyage was resumed.

For many days the explorers slowly worked their way up the river, passing creeks and islands, which they carefully described, and to which they gave such queer names as "Turkey," "Nightingale," "Lark," "Buffalo," etc., from the objects they happened to see in the neighborhood. While the boats moved slowly up the river, the hunters on shore were plunging through brushwood, clambering up cliffs, crawling into caves, and skirting prairies in search of game.

These hunters would hurry ahead of the party on the river, fix a camp, shoot, dress, and bring in their game, and then wait for the rest of the party to reach them. Sometimes they would leave the game dressed and hung on trees while they pushed on and made another camp still farther ahead. Sometimes a hunter would not be seen for days and weeks, and would be given up for lost. Then suddenly he would reappear, gaunt, half-starved, lame, and ill, but plucky and uncomplaining and ready for another hunt the next day. These French woodsmen and hunters knew how to find their way in the woods as naturally as they knew how to breathe. They loved the woods and would not be induced to leave them on any account.

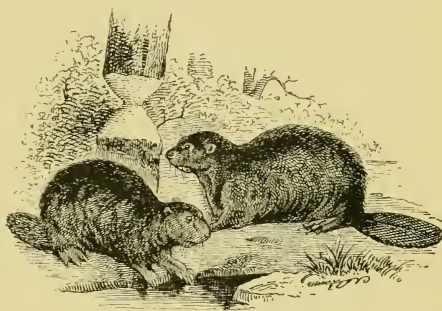
Once in a while the voyagers would pass a

French trader's boat, loaded with beaver furs or buffalo tallow, on its slow way to St. Louis. The Frenchmen always brought news from the western country and had much to tell about the Indian tribes who lived there.

One of the first tribes encountered by our explorers was that of the Osages.. These were a peaceable people who lived in villages and cultivated the land. Though courageous, they were less savage than most Indian tribes. They told Captain Lewis strange tales of their origin.

They said that the founder of their nation was a snail which lived long ago on the banks of the Osage River. One day this snail was swept by high water down the river into the Missouri, and after being tumbled over and over and badly knocked about, was left lying high and dry on the shore. Here the sun hatched him into a man; but he did not forget the home he had known when a snail, and at once set off to find it. But walking was hard work, and he soon grew very faint from hunger and thirst. Then the Great Spirit gave him a bow and arrow, and showed him how to kill and cook a deer and how to dress himself in the skin. So fed and dressed, the snail-man traveled on until he reached the home river-

bank, where he met a beaver. The beaver asked him who he was and what he was doing, and ordered him to go away. But the snail-man would not go, for he knew this was his home. While they were quarreling, the beaver's daughter came out of the river to see what was the matter. She offered to marry the snail-man, who accepted her as his wife. Their children were the Osage Indians.



BEAVERS

Because they believed this charming beaver to have been their great - great — nobody - knows - how - many - times - great — grandmother, the Osages regarded all beavers with great respect. Until quite recently they had very carefully refrained from harming any of these animals. When the traders' price for beaver skins, however, became so high as to be a serious temptation, they could no longer restrain themselves, but sacrificed their beaver relatives to their love of money, very much as some people who are not called savages are said to do nowadays.

CHAPTER III

JUNE AND JULY

The explorers did not remain long in the country of the Osages. On a bright June day they resumed their journey, the men slowly working their heavy boats up the river, while the two captains examined the shores. Sometimes they found curious rocks on which were painted rude pictures of animals or of frightful human faces with spreading deer's horns attached. The days were full of exciting incidents. The captains searched for salt springs; they killed rattle-snakes, gathered watercress and tongue-grass, wrote descriptions of the country, and feasted on the fruits they gathered in the woods. Whenever good ash trees were found upon the banks, the men would make new oars. Whenever a strange bird or animal could be caught, it was "cured" as a specimen to be carried back to Washington.

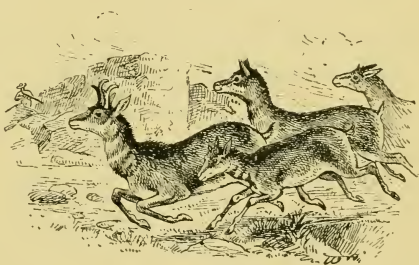
For some time the party had no guide, but one day meeting some French traders who knew the country well, they persuaded one of them

whose name was Durion to go with them and help them.

On June 26th the explorers reached the mouth of the Kansas River, and found there a country abounding in goats, antelopes, and wild turkeys.

Antelopes were then almost unknown, and Lewis and Clark observed their habits with much interest. They

never ceased to wonder at the speed with which these animals could run and the great distance from which they could scent an enemy. It was in-



ANTELOPES

teresting to watch the hunters as they tried to catch them. Hiding in the long grass, the hunter would put his hat on a stick and carefully lift it up into sight. Soon the antelope, curious to find out what the strange object was, would creep up within range of the gun, and fall a victim to curiosity. Wolves would sometimes hide among the grass until the unsuspecting antelopes were close to them, when they would suddenly leap out and seize as many as they could.

On the Fourth of July the men celebrated the day by firing off the little cannon at the end of the boat. But time was too precious to lose in celebrations, and so their boats swung on past Gosling Creek and Fourth of July Creek and Independence Creek, and the day closed with another shot from the air-gun.

The July weather must have been very warm. Almost every day men fell with sunstroke. Large boils or carbuncles appeared on the muscles of their bodies. To work the oars sometimes caused great agony to the men.

The leaders feared the water might be bad. They examined it, and found a poisonous chemical in the green scum on the surface. Orders were given not to drink the surface water, but to dip deep and get the pure water below. Poor fellows who were bitten by snakes were treated with poultices of bark and gunpowder, which cured them every time.

At last the Platte River was reached. There the sailors carried out a curious custom. It seems that the passing of the Platte River is regarded by Missouri River boatmen just as the crossing of the equinoctial line is regarded by sailors on the sea. To mark the passing of it every man in the party

who had never been there before was caught and shaved, unless he could "stand treat" to his comrades. Near the mouth of this river a camp was made, and the party spent a few days in airing and drying their stores, which had been wet in many rains. They also made observations, drew maps, wrote up their journals, and prepared messages for the President.

Game was scarce, but Indians were not. Hoping to become better acquainted with some of the latter, Lewis and Clark sent out invitations to a council. After a few days the Kites, Ottoes, and Pawnees appeared to hear what the white men had to say. The Kites,—so called because they were always flying about,—were fierce and warlike, cruel to their captured enemies, and never known to give up a battle. Because of their warring habits they were few in number.

On the second of August, just at sunset, the captains were met by a party of fourteen braves of the Ottoes with their French interpreter. A council was arranged for the next morning, and an elegant present of pork, flour, and meal was sent across the river to the Indian camp.

The Indians returned the compliment by sending watermelons to the palefaces.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST INDIAN COUNCIL

Bright and early the next morning the whole party of white men was drawn up in line, in order to make a great impression upon the Indians. The Indians sat under an awning made of the mainsail of the large boat. Captain Lewis opened the council by making a speech, in which he told the red men that the United States now owned their land, and that their Great Father, the President, sent them greetings, good wishes, and promises of protection.

The six Indian chiefs said in reply that they were glad to belong to the United States, just as they had probably said they were glad to belong to Spain or France in years before. They asked for guns and ammunition to kill both deer and enemies, and asked for help in their war with the Omahas. Medals were given to the chiefs who were present, together with some gorgeous paints, garters, and powder. A United States flag, a medal, and some gay clothes were sent to the

great chief of the Ottoes, who could not come with the rest. A shot from the air-gun put an end to the conference, and caused great alarm among the Indians.

The place where this council was held was called Council Bluffs, and the city in Iowa which bears this name, although not on exactly the same spot, derived its name from this circumstance.

Lewis and Clark were much pleased with the success of their first council, and breaking up camp set sail late in the afternoon. The following night was passed in a place so full of mosquitoes that the men suffered torments. Indeed, from the various reports of the men, one would think the mosquitoes were worse than the savages, and I am not sure but they were.



PELICANS

Moving on after a wearing night with these pests, the travelers passed an island where hundreds of queer birds called pelicans lived. You have seen pictures of pelicans, and know about the great bag or pouch on their necks. One day the men poured five gallons of water into one of these bags before it was filled.

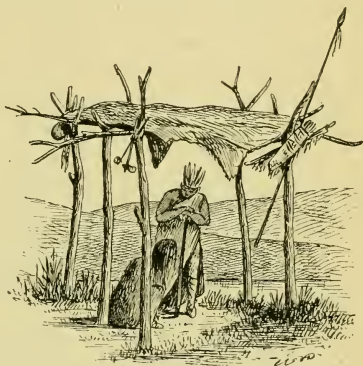
Early in August they came to the burial-place of a great and awful chief of the Omaha nation named Blackbird. The chief had died of small-pox, as had whole villages of his people. He was buried sitting erect on horseback. His burial mound was on the river-bank three hundred feet above the water. He was a much feared chief, and the fear of him remained even after he was dead. Food was brought great distances by the Indians and placed upon the burial mound. On the staff above this dead warrior's grave Lewis and Clark fastened an American flag.

Invitations were sent to the tribe of Omaha Indians, of which Blackbird had been a chief, to join in a council with the white men. The delivering of these invitations was no easy matter. They were not sent by mail, but carried by armed men, who had to break their way through miles of thistles, tangled grass, and thickets of sunflowers. When they reached the place where the Omahas' village had stood, they found it no longer existed. It had been burned down after four hundred men and many women and children had died of small-pox. This horrible disease had probably been brought to them by some war party. Crazed by its awful ravages, the survivors had killed their

wives and children that they might escape a worse death, and then set fire to the village.

Back of the ruins the men saw the graves of the dead. Hoping the Indians might hear of their arrival, they waited there a day or two.

While waiting they made a kind of drag of willow sticks and swept the stream for fish. Their first landing gave them three hundred and eighteen fish. The second time they drew out the drag eight hundred fish



INDIAN METHOD OF BURIAL

came with it. Despairing at last of seeing the savages whom they sought, the men now set fire to the woods. This was the usual method of invitation among Indian tribes, and was also used by French traders to announce their arrival at any particular place.

A day later some Ottoe chiefs with their men arrived. A friendly council was held, and after the usual exchange of gifts the Indians rode away much impressed with the greatness of the white men.

CHAPTER V

THE MOUNTAIN OF LITTLE PEOPLE

On a hot day in the latter part of August some time was spent in examining a queer mound and hearing the stories which the Indians told about it.

This mound was called "The Mountain of Little People." The young captains and ten men reached it after an uncomfortable walk of many miles. Indeed, the weather was so hot that even the dog was forced to return to the camp after going part of the way.

The mound was strangely divided and stood alone nine miles from any other hills. The view from the top was charming. Here the Indians believed the "Little People" or "Little Spirits" lived. They said these Little People were a foot and a half high and had very large heads. With sharpened arrows they killed any one who dared come to their mountain.

The captains and their men, however, spent several hours on the mound, and were hurt by no arrows but those of the sun. They carefully

scanned the wide plain, dotted with herds of shaggy buffaloes. They examined the soil, gathered specimens of the plants growing there, and noted the birds they saw. But the heat on the hill finally became so intense that they were



THE SIOUX VILLAGE

forced to seek the shade of some neighboring bushes. Later in the day they returned to the boats, refreshing themselves on the way back by gathering and eating plums, grapes, and currants.

In the evening they set fire to the woods to call in the neighboring Sioux. In response to this invitation five Sioux chiefs and about seventy men and boys appeared on the opposite side of the

river and went into camp. A boat was sent over to them loaded with a present of tobacco and four kettles. Then the men gathered about the messengers who had just returned from carrying their invitations to various tribes, eager to hear their experiences.

It seemed that a village of the Sioux to which they had been sent was about twelve miles away. When the men arrived within sight of the village the Indians came out to meet them and welcome them. They tried to carry them back to the village seated on white buffalo skins. This the men would not allow; but they were so hungry that they gladly ate the good supper of dog's flesh which the Indians cooked for them.

The men said the village was a very handsome one, with its lodges covered with buffalo skins painted red and white. In each of these lodges fifteen or twenty people could comfortably live, since all their cooking was done out of doors or in separate wigwams.

As the men listened to these stories the fire burned low. Then fresh logs were heaped upon it, the guard took his position, and one by one the tired hunters threw themselves down and all were soon overcome by sleep.

CHAPTER VI

THE COUNCIL WITH THE SIOUX

When the heavy fog lifted next morning the party made ready for the great council. An American flag was brought out and set up under a large oak. A gorgeous cocked hat with red feathers, a laced coat, medals, and certificates were laid ready, and at twelve o'clock the chiefs arrived from across the river. Captain Lewis made a long speech to them, in which he gave them much good advice and information. He then smoked the pipe of peace, and gravely distributed the presents among them.

While the chiefs had been engaged in this council the young Indians had built a little booth of branches and leaves, and to this booth the chiefs withdrew to divide the presents and consider Lewis's speech.

Meanwhile the boys and young men entertained themselves and the white men by shooting at targets and showing their skill in many ways. The day was closed with a dance. During this dance

Lewis and Clark gave to the red men knives, tobacco, tape, bells, and other gay or noisy trifles, which they accepted with many grunts of delight.

After discussing Captain Lewis's speech, the chiefs made ready their answer. They said they were very poor and needed everything. They had no clothes, no guns, no powder, no shot. They were very glad to get the medals, but more glad to get the clothes. The English had once given them medals and clothes; the Spaniards had given each man a medal, "but nothing to keep it from their skins." Now they were still poor, for while the Americans had given them medals and clothes, their children and squaws had nothing at all.

Other chiefs said the same thing, adding that they much wanted some of the "Great Father's milk," which was their name for whisky. They also promised to go to Washington to visit the "Great Father," provided a guide would go with them.

These interesting Indians were well built and strong, wearing the usual Indian blankets, much adorned with paint, feathers, and quills. Some wore necklaces of bear's claws, and all seemed brave and fearless; but there was one band of young braves who outdid all the rest in a strange

kind of courage. These young men were sworn never to yield to an enemy, and never to avoid any danger. They did not protect themselves in battle. If they were crossing a river on the ice and came to a hole, the leader, scorning to turn aside, would march straight ahead. Of course he would be drowned, and all the rest of the band would follow him unless they were held back by their friends.

This seems very foolish to us, but it was courage of the grandest type to them. The young men who belonged to this band took higher seats in the councils than the chiefs, and in all their amusements and occupations they kept themselves apart from the other young men.

It was now September, and there were many signs of fall in the air. The heavy woods which lined the shores and covered the islands became brilliant with the colors of autumn. The acorns were falling, and great numbers of deer could be seen feeding in the open glades. The river became more and more shallow as the explorers advanced upstream, and much delay was caused by the boats grounding on sand bars.

Daily, vast herds of buffaloes and antelopes were seen. Many villages of prairie dogs were also

passed. These villages consisted of little mounds, and holes in the ground in which the funny little dogs—looking much like squirrels—lived.

The men once amused themselves by trying to fill up one of these holes with water, but after pouring in five barrels they succeeded only in driving out the distracted little owner, which they caught. At another time they tried to reach the bottom of one of the holes by digging. After digging down six feet, they put in a pole and found they must dig at least six feet deeper to reach the bottom.



PRAIRIE DOGS

Soon after this a council was held with the Teton nation, which might have ended the expedition had not great wisdom been shown. After the usual speeches had been made and presents given, the explorers undertook to push their boats out into the stream. Immediately, however, at a signal from the Teton chief, an Indian threw both arms about the mast and refused to move; at the same time three others seized the rope which fastened the boat to the shore. The savages had determined to keep the explorers with them another day if not longer.

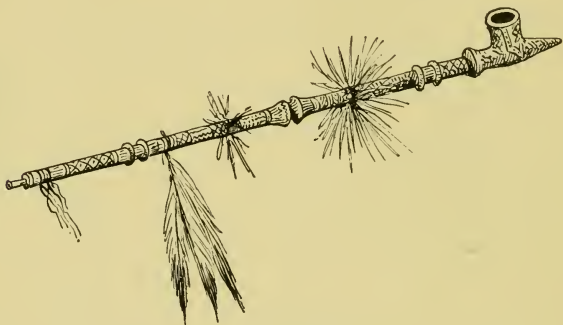
CHAPTER VII

AN INDIAN DANCE

Captain Clark made instant preparations for a fight. The small gun was pointed at the Indians, while they as quickly made ready their bows and arrows. Twelve soldiers sprang to the help of Captain Clark, and this act caused the Indians to hesitate and lay down their arms. They would not, however, shake Captain Clark's offered hand; but when he ordered the boat's small gun to be loaded, four of the Indians leaped into the water and swam out to the boat to talk with him. They said they did not intend to fight, but wanted more presents, and wished their squaws and children to see the strange boat. Captain Clark was glad to do this much to please them. So naming the island they were then near "Bad-humored Island" in memory of this unpleasant time, they decided to remain near the Indian camp over night and witness an Indian dance.

It was a wonderful dance. The great lodge of sewed skins was crowded full of red men. In the

middle of the lodge sat the chief, with two little flags, one Spanish and one American, stuck into the ground in front of him. The peace pipe was placed on two forked sticks a few inches from the ground, and swan's down was scattered under it.



THE PEACE PIPE

When everything was ready, the chief made a speech, and taking up a bit of the fat dog that was cooking for the feast held it out toward the flag. I suppose this was an offering to the flag. Then he took the peace pipe and pointed it toward heaven, toward the four quarters of the globe, and finally to the earth, after which he lighted it and gave it to Lewis and to Clark.

The pipe ceremony being ended, the supper was served. Platters were set out and horn

spoons given to the men. The flesh of a fat dog, some dried buffalo meat which had been pounded up and mixed raw with grease, and a queer dish of potatoes were served to all the guests. They ate all they could, and smoked all they could, but were glad when the dance was announced and the musicians took their places.

The music was even worse than the supper. There were men with tambourines, men shaking sticks to which were fastened rattling hoofs of deer and goats, and men rattling pebbles in bags of dried skins. This was the Indian orchestra; and when a chorus of Indian voices was added, the troubles of our friends grew almost too great to be borne.

And now the dance began. Indian women came shuffling forward carrying poles elaborately decorated with the scalps of the nation's enemies. Then Indian men came out, leaping and jumping and reciting the stories of their own brave and cruel deeds. Late into the night the dance kept on, but long before its close Lewis and Clark had gone to their boat, taking four of the chiefs with them.

These people had many interesting customs. Though homely and vicious, they were cheerful

and happy. They wore their hair in long braids over their shoulders. These braids they cut off when a death occurred in the family. This they did in sign of mourning.

Their bodies were painted with a combination of grease and coal, and over their shoulders they wore a painted buffalo skin, the fur inside in fair weather and outside in foul. They wore leggings trimmed with the scalps of their enemies, and when in full dress fastened a skunk skin to each heel and let it drag behind on the ground.

They had a single policeman to whom they gave great powers. He was to guard the camp, and to give his life to protect his chief if the need came. Instead of a star he wore three raven skins fastened to his belt and sticking straight out behind. On his head was another raven skin split in two and arranged so that the head stuck out over the policeman's forehead.

After remaining a few days with these people, our party found it hard to get away. A battle threatened and was avoided. The explorers were followed for miles along the banks. Three times they were stopped and presents demanded. But at last the Indians were shaken off and left behind.

Farther up the river the Cheyennes were passed,

and after them the Ricaras. These latter Indians had their little patches of garden in which they raised corn, beans, and various other vegetables. They were kind to the old and never whipped their children. But they were said to be a treacherous race, and the explorers for a time felt very distrustful of them.

Their surprise when they saw Captain Clark's colored man-servant was very funny to see. This man's name was York, and his delight in puzzling the Indians was as great as their surprise at his appearance. He told them he was really a wild animal that had been caught and tamed. He frightened them dreadfully with the faces he made up and the antics he performed.

The Ricara Indians used no whisky, or strong drink of any kind, and they appeared to be much disgusted with any one who did. They gave Lewis and Clark handsome presents of corn and vegetables, and showed themselves generous and hospitable in every way. Many other tribes were seen and visited; but the weather grew cold and the ice became troublesome, and the explorers finally went into camp for the winter among the Mandan Indians, sixteen hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri River.

CHAPTER VIII

WINTER AMONG THE MANDANS

The Mandan Indians welcomed the explorers with presents, and joined them in many friendly councils. While Captain Lewis was conducting these important ceremonies, Captain Clark scouted up and down the river seeking a good spot for the winter's camp. In one place he found no wood, in another no game. At last, however, a fair place was chosen, with five villages of friendly Indians within easy reach.

Some of the men began at once to fell trees for log huts. Others were engaged in building boats to carry messengers with maps and letters back to St. Louis. A blacksmith's shop was set up, and the merry ring of this blacksmith's hammer seemed to call the Indians from near and far loaded with corn and supplies. These they gladly exchanged for axheads, tomahawks, and bits of sheet iron cut into arrowheads.

Hunting-gangs were organized, and left the camp early each morning, returning at night.

Indians expert in woodcraft were hired as guides, and to the family of forty-five men was added a French interpreter with his squaw wife and family of half-breed children.

Indian callers were frequent. The chiefs came stalking solemnly in, followed by their wives, who instead of cards and card-cases carried bundles of meat and baskets of corn and vegetables. These gifts were for the white men. In return, the white men gave Mrs. Indian such dainty little articles as axheads, iron kettles, files, and corn-mills, which she easily carried away on her broad shoulders.

Almost every day large parties of Indians passed the camp on their fall hunting expeditions. Wild geese began to fly south. Ice came floating down the river. White frost covered the ground. Icicles hung from the trees. By night the pale light of the Aurora Borealis streamed above the camp, while the threatening flames of the prairie fire often startled them from their sleep.

These dreadful fires sometimes swept the whole country, burning to death men and women and destroying cattle. One night an Indian woman with her half-breed son found a prairie fire sweeping down upon them. Instantly she threw a fresh buffalo skin over him and fled for her life. After

the fire had passed, the boy was found untouched. The Indians believed his life was charmed because of his white blood. A tree left standing by the fire they worshiped as an abiding-place of the Great Spirit.

Neither prairie fires, scarcity of food, nor frost-bitten fingers and toes kept back the work on the huts. On the twentieth of November the camp was finished, and named Fort Mandan. Surrounded by tall cottonwood trees, it lay on a low point of land on the north bank of the Missouri River. It did not look much like a fort. There were two rows of rough log huts, with four rooms in each row. Each room was fourteen feet square and seven feet high. These two rows were joined together at an angle, and thus the rear walls formed two sides of a triangle. A row of stakes was driven to make the third side of the triangle. In the little yard made by the stakes and the backs of the huts were two rooms for storing meat.

The hunters brought in the flesh of deer, elks, beavers, and buffaloes, and the captains tried hard to have the men take care of it. This they did not like to do. They used meat carelessly when they had it; and when they did not have it, they fasted and hoped their luck would turn.

CHAPTER IX

INDIAN HUNTS

Those were great hunts they had in the neighborhood of Fort Mandan. Captain Clark went out alone one day and shot seven buffaloes. When night came on he was too far from camp to return. So he wrapped himself in his one thin blanket, heaped the fresh buffalo skins over him, and slept comfortably through a snowstorm. The next day he returned to camp and sent men out for the meat.

Of course our hunters shot their game, but the Indians had much more interesting ways of securing the animals which they used for food. Sometimes they hunted buffaloes in this way. A young Indian would be sent out to find a cave or crevice on the edge of a bluff near which the animals were feeding. Soon he would disappear. In the meantime other Indians would arrive, and carefully drive the herd toward the river. At a given moment the young hunter who had been seen before would appear at the head of the mov-

ing herd covered with a buffalo-skin. Carefully he would decoy the herd to the edge of the bluff ;



ONE METHOD OF HUNTING BUFFALOES

then he would drop into the crevice he had found, while the buffaloes, frightened by the Indians behind, would plunge headlong over the brink.

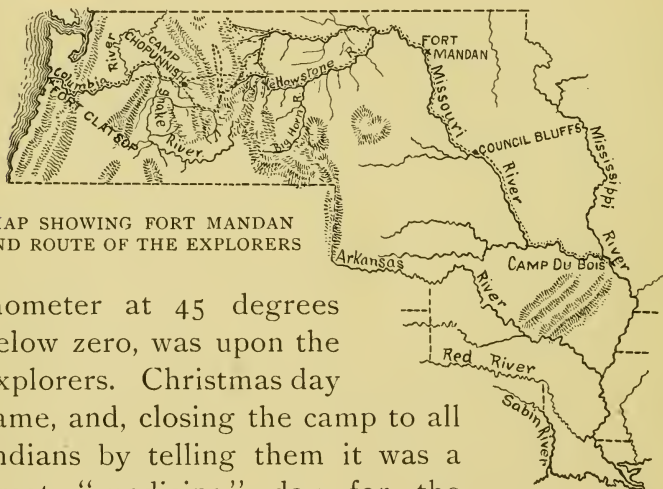
In this way hundreds of the great beasts would be killed. The Indians would take as much meat as they needed, and leave the rest for the vultures.

At other times the Indian hunters on their trained ponies would surround a herd of feeding buffaloes. Choosing one of the finest, they would fire their arrows at him until he fell dead. This they would repeat with a second, a third, a fourth, until their arrows were gone. The squaws who followed the hunt would then come up and dress the game and carry it home. Of course, no one could claim a buffalo as his own unless his arrow was found sticking in the wound. The game belonged to the one who found it. But this did not make much difference, for it was the custom when game was in any one's lodge for the squaws of the tribe to go and sit by the lodge door until given a share of the game.

In the spring the Indians would set fire to the dead grass on the river banks. After the fire new grass grew very quickly. This the buffaloes seemed to know at once, and would flock to the river, try to cross it on the floating ice, and either be shot by the Indians or, falling into the river, would swim and fall exhausted on the shore, where they were easily captured.

The way they caught goats was interesting, too. A large pen would be built, to which a lane of bushes would lead. Cautiously encircling the goats, the hunters would drive them through the lane into the pen and kill them at their leisure.

November passed, and winter, with the ther-



MAP SHOWING FORT MANDAN
AND ROUTE OF THE EXPLORERS

момeter at 45 degrees below zero, was upon the explorers. Christmas day came, and, closing the camp to all Indians by telling them it was a great "medicine" day for the white men, they prepared to enjoy the merry holiday. First they ran up the American flag, and saluted it and the day by a shot from their large gun. They then prepared and ate as good a dinner as the place afforded, and the Christmas festivities were over.

CHAPTER X

THE MANDAN INDIANS

These friendly Mandan Indians were really very interesting. They believed that in the beginning their tribe lived underground near a submerged lake. It was very quiet and dull down there. One day, however, one of their young braves found the great root of a grapevine that had pushed itself down deep into the ground. Seizing hold of it, he climbed up and up and up, until after a long time he came to the light. He looked all about, and saw grass and trees and animals and many kinds of fruit. He gathered some grapes, and then climbed down the long root of the grapevine and gave the fruit to his kinspeople to eat. All tasted it, and liked it so well that they began to climb the grapevine root to find some more. A great number climbed safely up to the light, but at last one very fat woman broke the root with her weight. Down came the earth and shut the rest in below.

Nine villages were built by those who had

climbed out. All the good Mandans still hope when they die to return to the ancient village by way of the underground lake. The wicked can never cross the lake. One old Mandan, who had lived one hundred and twenty years, felt he was soon to die. He asked his grandchildren to dress him in his best clothes, and carry him to a hill and set him on a stone with his face turned down the river toward the ancient village, to which he believed he would soon go.

All these Indians believed in a Great Spirit or "great medicine." Healing was their religion, and anything they did not understand was great medicine. Each Indian had his own "medicine." Sometimes it was a bag filled with strange things; sometimes it was a stone or an animal.

If any of the tribe wished to find out something of the future, a party of warriors would go to a great smooth stone, twenty feet in circumference, which they called a medicine-stone. First the men would smoke to the stone; that is, they would take one whiff and then present the pipe to the stone. After this ceremony they would go away into the woods to sleep. In the morning white marks would be found on the stone, and there was always some one who could tell what the marks meant.

These Mandans were brave and cheerful, and never complained. To make them more brave, however, they had one very strange custom. A young Indian would make a hole in the skin of his neck, pass one end of a string through it, and fasten the other end to a tree. To bear the pain without flinching was a proof of his courage. They were unlike many other tribes in their kindly treatment of one another.



A MANDAN VILLAGE

If a man was brought in frozen or injured, the whole village tried to give help. If one was lost, the whole village would turn out to hunt him. To the aged and infirm they were very kind and gentle. If a friend or relative died, a finger or a toe was cut off in sign of mourning.

There were plenty of occasions for mourning, for between the ravages of the smallpox and the devastations of the Sioux the Mandans, as well as other tribes, were daily becoming fewer in number. Whole villages were often left vacant. But in spite of their troubles they were a cheerful people, and found many ways of amusing themselves.

CHAPTER XI

THE WINTER

And so the winter wore on, with bitter cold days, little food, and many frost-bitten toes and fingers. Skirmishing with unfriendly tribes, trying to thaw the ice about the boats, treating the sick Mandans, and taking notes of all they saw and did kept the explorers busy during those dreary days. Sometimes only the blacksmith's busy hammer saved them from suffering hunger. The Indians would always give corn in return for the blacksmith's work. But day by day the deer and buffaloes became fewer, and finally almost disappeared. The hunters returned from their hunts empty-handed and exhausted. The Sioux sometimes annoyed them, and could not be punished. For some time corn was their only food, but fortunately they succeeded in getting enough of this to keep them alive.

In February they lifted their boats out of the frozen river, and drew them up on the banks to repair them and make them ready for further service.

In March, hope returned with the northward flight of ducks, swans, and geese. Spring was near at hand, and everybody in the camp was busy. New boats were built, deer-skin ropes were made, axes were fashioned, corn was shelled, and all their supplies and presents were put out to dry.

On the first of April rain fell for the first time in five and a half months. This softened and smoothed the river so much that they at once slipped their boats into the water. The provisions and party for the westward journey were stowed away in six small canoes and two pirogues. Thirty-two men turned their faces west, sixteen men turned their faces east. The latter were on board the old barge and were to return to St. Louis, carrying maps and messages and huge boxes of specimens for President Jefferson. Some of the things carried back were:

Some stuffed antelopes.
One weasel.
Three squirrels.
Skeleton of a prairie wolf.
A white and a gray hare.
Two burrowing squirrels.
One white weasel.
Horns of mountain ram.
Horns of an elk.

Tail of a deer.
Skins of various animals.
Indian dress.
Indian bow and arrows.
Indian tobacco-seed.
Box of plants.
Box of insects.
Prairie hen.
Four magpies.

CHAPTER XII

FIGHTS WITH GRIZZLY BEARS

For days the voyage up the river was uneventful. Every creek, island, bird, beast, fruit, or flower was closely observed and faithfully described. The weather was generally fine, game became more plentiful, and the Yellowstone River was reached without adventure.

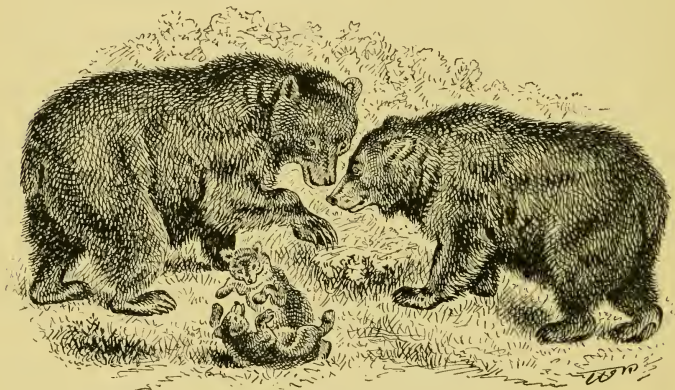
The greatest cause of discomfort to the explorers was the sand and dust. When people nowadays cross the continent a certain part of their journey is made very uncomfortable by the alkali dust. Even in the vestibuled trains, with double windows, deflectors, and screens, this dreadful dust sifts over everything and almost chokes the traveler. Think how much worse it must have been for these men. The dust was so thick at times that they could not see from one bank of the river to the other. Their eyes grew very sore. Their food was covered with dust; the water was full of it. But it was only one of many discomforts, forgotten as soon as it was past.

The party had now reached the stretch of country most thickly infested by all kinds of wild and savage beasts. Wolves, buffaloes, and bears were seen every day, and now and then a panther, or American tiger, was met with. One night the camp was asleep. Suddenly the guard heard a noise of galloping feet. A buffalo, dripping wet from his swim across the river, crashed over the canoes on the river's bank, plunged straight into the camp-fire, careered down a row of sleeping men within eighteen inches of their heads, ran between four fires, barely escaped the heads of another row of men, whirled about toward the tent, was stopped by a dog, and then plunged bel-
lowing off into the darkness.

But the men cared nothing for a buffalo. The one animal they feared was the grizzly, or, as they called it, "white" bear. This bear the Indians feared too. In fact, the Indians' fear of it was so great that they never dared to attack it unless in parties. They prepared for the hunt of the grizzly just as they did for war. War paint was put on, and war ceremonies were performed.

And there was good reason for fear, for the grizzly bear is one of the most dreadful of beasts. Its skin is very tough, and sometimes as many as

eight shots would strike one before it fell. To kill this animal the shot must be in the head or heart. Grizzly bears have been known to run a quarter of a mile with a shot through the heart before they fell dead.



A FAMILY OF GRIZZLIES

Again and again Captain Lewis had been chased by one of these fierce fellows. He almost always killed the bear, but only after a long battle. Late one evening, Captain Clark encountered and shot a huge grizzly. The bear fled with an awful roar. Ten times it was wounded, but even then the beast swam half-way across the river before it dropped dead on a sand bar.

At another time the men in the boats were startled at the sight of one of their companions on shore running toward the boats shouting and crying. A grizzly, which he had shot through the lungs, had given chase and followed him for half a mile. Captain Clark and seven men instantly started in pursuit. Two hours later the bear was found lying in a deep hole it had dug in its fury. Two shots in the head at last closed the battle.

A few days later the men in the canoes saw a huge bear lying on shore. Six hunters landed and attacked the beast. Four bullets struck him, two of them piercing his lungs. Maddened with pain, he whirled about and rushed at the hunters. Two of them fired and broke the bear's shoulder. Before they could reload, the bear was upon them. Two men jumped headlong into the canoes, while the other four hunters hid themselves, firing again and again. Still the bear came on. Flinging away guns, pouches, everything, the four men leaped down a twenty-foot bank and plunged into the river. The bear tore after, and had just grasped a man, when a shot from the shore struck the bear in the head and killed him. Eight wounds were found on his body. The men took the huge skin back to camp.

CHAPTER XIII

AN IMPORTANT DECISION

When the hunters reached the camp they found everything in confusion. One of the canoes loaded with the most valuable possessions of the party had been nearly capsized in a sudden squall. Three men had barely escaped with their lives. Medicines, instruments, and papers had been badly injured, but not entirely ruined. It was necessary that all the freight should be examined, dried, repaired, and then repacked. This caused a delay of some days.

It seemed as though the whole month of May was full of disaster and hard work. The mud was deep, the river almost impassable. A quarter of the time the men were up to their armpits in water, walking over rough rocks, dragging heavy canoes, and keeping everything in as good order as possible; still they uttered no word of complaint. Gradually the character of the country began to change; the rivers grew narrower and the current more rapid, the banks were less

wooded and more broken. Hills and small mountains began to appear in the distance.

Late in May, Captain Lewis caught his first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, "the object of all our hopes, and the reward of all our ambitions." Now the towlines of knotted elk-skin were brought into use, for the rapids were frequent and danger threatened the cargoes at every turn. The scenery grew more striking; the banks were in some places three hundred feet high, washed by the rains and colored in strange fashion.

Again the country fell away. Game reappeared. At the mouth of a large river of which they had not heard, the explorers encamped. They called this stream Marias River. Now they were face to face with a great problem.

Which river was the Missouri? Which river should they ascend? The success of the whole expedition depended upon this decision. If they ascended the wrong river, valuable time would be lost, and the men would be worn out and discouraged. In order to settle this question, two canoes and three men were sent up each river. These men were to measure the depth and rapidity of the stream, while others were sent by land to discover the general direction in which it flowed.

In the meantime Lewis and Clark climbed to the top of a high hill. Around them hopped, ran, and flew linnets, goldfinches, blackbirds, robins, and turtledoves. From the top of the hill could be seen great herds of buffaloes and antelopes, with prowling wolves following each herd.

For a little distance both rivers could be seen, while the mountains lay far beyond. The northern branch, or Marias River, was yellow and turbid, just as the Missouri had been all the way. The southern branch was clear, cold, and rapid, as if it came from the mountains. Moreover, the Indians had said the water at the falls of the Missouri was clear and sparkling. On the other hand, they had said nothing of this northern branch.

In the end the captains agreed that the clear, rapid stream must be the Missouri. The men did not think so, but cheerfully prepared to follow their leaders. For fear of error it was, however, arranged that Lewis and four men should travel by land along the southern branch until either the falls or the mountains were reached. The rest of the party was to follow more closely by water. One of the large boats was therefore drawn up on land and hidden, while their heavy baggage was placed in a cache.

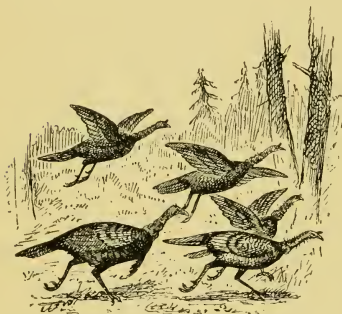
CHAPTER XIV

MAKING A CACHE

Making a cache requires very hard and careful work. First, the men found a dry spot high above the river. On the grass they drew a small circle twenty inches across, and carefully lifted out the sod. A hole a foot deep was dug straight down and then widened out like a big kettle, six or seven feet deep. As fast as the dirt was loosened it was lifted up and out in some kind of a vessel and laid carefully on a cloth. Not a bit of dirt must be allowed to fall on the ground. This dirt was then carried away and dropped into the river. A floor of dry sticks was laid in the bottom of the kettle-like hole and some hay or a dry buffalo skin was spread over it. Then the baggage which they had dried and aired was laid upon the buffalo skin. Sticks were put about the baggage to keep it from touching the sides of the cache. A skin was spread over the things, earth was thrown down and packed hard, and the sod put back so perfectly that no one could see the least mark.

Two of these caches were made, while in two other places lead and powder were hidden, lest some accident might happen to the caches.

Lewis then set off with his four men. They killed all the game they could, and hung it up on the trees for the men who were following in the boats.



WILD TURKEYS

It was at this time that two bears were killed by the first bullets that struck them, a thing which happened only this one time. Deer and wild turkeys and other game

were abundant. Everything was going happily, when Captain Lewis became seriously ill.

For a day or two he dragged painfully along. He grew no better. He had no medicine. At last he gathered some herbs, made a strong hot drink, and hastily swallowed it down. The next morning he was better, and his strong will carried him safely through. This was well, for a few days later he met with an adventure which required all the strength at his command.

CHAPTER XV

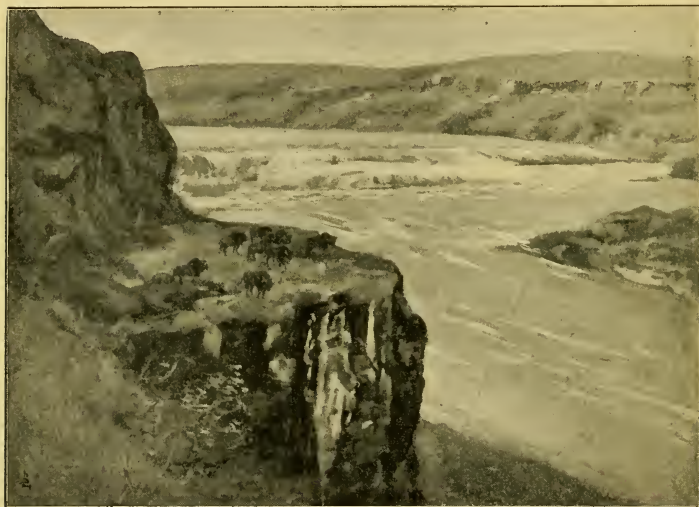
AN EXCITING MORNING

One morning as Captain Lewis was pushing rapidly along through the woods, he suddenly heard the distant muffled roar of falling water, and saw a cloud of spray like a column of smoke. Hurrying over the seven miles which lay between him and this smoke-like column, he was delighted to find that it was caused by the magnificent falls of the Missouri.

The falls, with their hundreds of feet of tumbling rapids, claimed his close attention for a few moments. But his chief interest lay in finding some way to pass the falls with his loaded boats, which would shortly arrive. A short walk brought into view another glorious fall, and still a little farther on a third appeared. Rapids, falls, cascades, in quick succession, greeted the explorer's delighted and impatient gaze. Even an eagle's nest which the Indians had spoken of in describing the falls was seen and recognized.

Climbing to the top of a hill, he saw the river

above the falls, calm and undisturbed, and still deep enough to carry the boats. A herd of a thousand buffaloes offered meat enough for his supper. He shot one, and stood with rifle unloaded



FALLS OF THE MISSOURI

waiting for the buffalo to fall. Suddenly, to his horror, he saw a huge bear not twenty steps away. With an unloaded rifle, he could only run for his life. Across the open plain he fled; no tree, no bush, no bank—and the bear, open-mouthed, was close behind him. Hope was almost gone when,

thinking of the river, he turned, leaped into the water, and with clubbed gun faced the bear, which was only a few yards behind him. Frightened by Lewis's defiance, the great beast whirled and fled madly across the plain, and soon disappeared in the distance.

Wading out of the river and loading his rifle, Lewis quietly proceeded until he was startled by a panther which was crouching directly in his path. The animal being just ready to spring, Lewis was none too quick in sending him wounded into his hiding place among the rocks.

Only a few steps farther on three buffaloes, catching sight of him, left the herd and came plunging and bellowing toward him. Lewis walked straight toward them. When he was within three hundred feet of them they suddenly whirled and running back rejoined the herd.

The thorns of the prickly pear, which grew here abundantly and which were constantly piercing his feet, seemed to Captain Lewis the only proof that this land was not bewitched.

When finally he rejoined his men, they received him with great joy; for his long absence had alarmed them, and searching parties were just setting out to find him.

CHAPTER XVI

PASSING THE FALLS

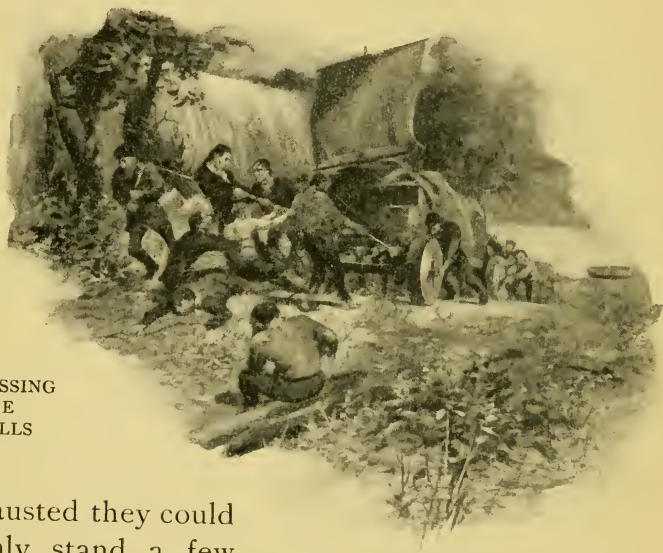
While Captain Lewis was having these exciting adventures, the party coming by river was not altogether comfortable. The men were in the water much of the time, tugging at the unwieldy boats. Their feet were badly cut by rough stones, and often bitten by snakes, but their cheerful spirits never failed them. They knew they were moving straight ahead, and doing what they had set out to do.

At length Captain Clark and the boats arrived at the falls and rapids. It was very hard work to get the boats through any rough water; and the only way of passing the falls was by a portage with wagons. Six of the men were detailed to make a kind of truck for the boats and baggage. Choosing a huge cottonwood-tree they made the wheels. This was done by sawing off cross-sections of the tree where it was largest. They then took the mast of one of the boats for an axle. While wagons were being made the hunters were scour-

ing the country for provisions. Some elk were killed and brought in, and the meat was jerked. Fish were caught. Berries were gathered and dried. But buffalo meat was still their main food. Between the narrow rock passages to the falls great droves of these animals came to drink. Those in front were crowded and pushed by those behind, so that sometimes several buffaloes would be shoved headlong into the seething falls, and go tumbling down the rapids. Extra provisions were cached near the falls. Captain Clark started ahead to drive stakes to mark the path which the rest were to follow. Maps and carefully drawn diagrams were made of the falls and rapids.

The awkward wagons were finally ready, and loaded with the baggage from the boats. Then the men laid hold of them and pulled and pushed with all their might. The great wheels creaked and groaned, and the whole party moved slowly forward toward the head of the falls. After going eight miles the wagon broke down. It was mended and slowly moved on again—helped now by the sails of the boats set to catch a favoring breeze. Half a mile from the head of the falls the wagon broke down again, and the men carried the baggage the remaining distance by hand. Clark had

kept well ahead, choosing the shortest and best route for the portage. Some of the men were limping dreadfully from the wounds of the prickly pear and the rough ground; others were so ex-



PASSING
THE
FALLS

hausted they could only stand a few moments at a time. At every halt men dropped to the ground and instantly fell asleep.

At length the falls were passed, and a camp was made above them. Here the men set to work to make a skin boat. The iron frame had been brought from Virginia. When completed and the

seams calked with a preparation of mud, the boat was launched and loaded. Great was the delight of the explorers at its apparent success. Greater was their disappointment when the next morning the seams were open, and the boat was on the point of sinking. Again and again they tried to cure the trouble, but the seams would crack in spite of every effort. This was perhaps the keenest disappointment Captain Lewis had suffered in the whole journey. When thoroughly convinced that nothing could be done, the iron frame was hidden, and a canoe thirty-three feet long was made from the trunk of a large tree.

While still at this camp, Captain Clark, the Indian woman, her husband and child, and two or three of the men had a narrow escape from death. A heavy rain came sweeping down upon them from the mountains, and the narrow ravine was suddenly filled with a torrent which carried everything before it. Before Clark could snatch his gun and shot-bag, and push the Indian woman and child up the side of the bluff, the water reached his waist. The flood rose fifteen feet. An instant's hesitation and all would have been swept into the river and over the falls. The rest of the party, who on account of the heat and hard work wore but few

clothes, were almost killed by the hail. Knocked down, bruised, and bleeding, they came painfully back to camp. These sudden storms of rain, hail, snow, or sleet often came sweeping down from the mountains carrying everything before them.

The portage being passed, the reunited party took time to make important observations, collect their baggage, and repair damages. Here they celebrated their second Fourth of July. They often heard curious noises in the mountains—like the firing of guns or like heavy explosions. These noises they could never account for.

At length the leaders carefully cached their maps and extra provisions and gathered the party for the most trying stage of the entire journey. The mountains towered above them. Over these mountains their path lay through unbroken forests and perhaps among unfriendly tribes of Indians.

Captain Clark and three men went ahead, in order to find the Indians before they should be frightened into their mountain hiding-places by the sound of the white man's gun. They were too late. The Indians had disappeared. Spreading a trail of cloth, paper, and linen, that the Indians might know they were white men, Clark plodded on by land, while Lewis directed the party coming

CHAPTER XVII

UP THE JEFFERSON RIVER

At this point Captain Clark was taken ill. While waiting for his recovery the men put deer-skins to soak and prepared to make clothes of them. The thermometer stood at 90 degrees, and it seemed as if they could never need such clothes. But the snow-capped mountains above them were a warning.

In a few days the party moved on, much delighted and encouraged by the Indian woman's recognition of different places through the country. Here she saw the spot where she had been taken captive by the Knife Indians and carried down the river. There was the spot where a hunting-camp had been.

On account of Clark's illness, Lewis now scouted ahead. He suffered every discomfort and inconvenience—wading rivers, plunging through brushwood, sleeping anywhere, and often going hungry.

Captain Clark, meanwhile, brought on the

water party. The river grew so rough and the banks so steep and heavy with brushwood that the men were obliged to wade the river and drag the canoes.

Coming to the mouth of the Wisdom River, they were disappointed to find no note from Lewis. The pole on which it was stuck had been cut down by a beaver and the note lost.

Being without any clew, they unfortunately chose the wrong branch, and ascending the Wisdom River instead of the Jefferson, camped on an island for the night. The island was so low that they had to cut brushwood to lie upon. This kept them from lying in the water.

The next day they toiled onward until overtaken by a messenger, who told them of their mistake, and they retraced their way to the Jefferson River. A canoe was upset while returning, and many valuable things were lost. A man who was thrown from the canoe was badly bruised and with difficulty escaped drowning.

Indian guides and horses must now be found, and Lewis and some others slung their knapsacks over their shoulders, saying they should not be seen again until they had found these necessary things.

Leaving notes at the forks of the river for Clark and his party, Lewis pressed boldly onward. One can imagine his delight and that of his companions when, worn out and hungry, they saw in the distance a horseman. They knew that he belonged to a tribe not seen before. He was seated on a fine horse. The horse was without a saddle, and an elk-skin string fastened to its lower jaw served as a bridle. Lewis walked eagerly toward the Indian. When a mile away he took his blanket from his bag, held it by the two corners, and, unfolding it, spread it on the ground.

This is the sign of friendship among all Indian tribes on the Missouri River and through the Rocky Mountains. Three times Lewis did this—spreading the blanket in his most inviting manner.

But the Indian seemed afraid. Lewis walked slowly forward. He took from his bag some beads and trinkets. He dropped his gun, but at two hundred yards the Indian whirled and rode away. Lewis called out “tabba bone,” which means “white man,” but, still watching the advance of the two other men, the Indian rode away. Lewis spoke to his men. One heard and stopped, the other did not hear and did not stop. Again the

Indian halted, but at one hundred and fifty yards turned and rode hastily away.

More disappointed than he could express, Lewis made an attempt to follow him. Tying an American flag to a pole, the three men walked on. They built a fire, hoping to attract attention. They tied some trinkets on a pole, thinking they were near the Indian camp and the presents would be seen. Soon, however, a rain came up. This spoiled the trail of the horse in the grass, and, discouraged, they gave up the search.

The next morning Lewis and the two men encircled the mountain. They crossed several small streams and found places where the Indians had been digging roots. They also saw Indian trails, but they found no Indians.

Following one of these trails, they came to a tiny stream which they knew must be a source of the Missouri River. Astride of this stream one of the men said he "thanked God he had lived to put a foot on each side of the Missouri River!"

A source of the Missouri River never before seen by white men, a clear and icy stream, trickled at their feet. Down they sat, thinking themselves well repaid for all their labor. The end of the seemingly endless river had been discovered.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COLUMBIA RIVER REACHED

As the explorers resumed their journey and pushed boldly onward over the mountains, they hoped that they might find the head of some little stream which, flowing westwardly, would prove this ridge of mountains to be the great dividing-line between the Missouri and the Columbia. Very soon this hope was realized. Within three quarters of a mile they came upon a fine clear stream running west.

Again they stopped. They drank for the first time of waters flowing toward the Pacific. A scrap of raw pork, their only remaining bit of food, made their supper; but little they cared for hunger when they could drink from the head waters of the Columbia!

A day or two later more Indians were sighted, but instantly disappeared. Their dogs, however, followed the explorers until Lewis tried to tie some trinkets about their necks; then they slunk quickly away.

Before night three Indian women were seen. One of them ran away; the other two dropped to the ground and hung their heads. They expected instant death. Lewis lifted them up, and stripping up his sleeve showed them his white skin; for his face and hands were as brown as any Indian's. He then proved himself a friend by giving them some presents, and the women at once guided him to their camp.

On their way they were met by sixty warriors riding at full speed. Lewis dropped his gun, put up his little American flag, and walked gravely toward them. The women told their story. At once three of the leaders sprang from their horses, threw their right arms over Lewis's left shoulder, clasped his back, laid their left cheeks to his, and said "Ah-hi-e" over and over. This meant they were "pleased to meet him." All the warriors saluted the brave captain in the same way, leaving him decidedly greasy and much stained with war paint.

Lewis then lighted a pipe, and offered it to the Indians. Before they accepted it, however, they pulled off their moccasins, which was their way of saying that they would go barefooted all their lives in order to prove themselves his friends.



INDIANS FISHING FOR SALMON

White men and red then went on together to the Indian camp.

Young braves hurried ahead and prepared a tent for Captain Lewis. Boughs and skins were spread on the floor, except in the middle of the tent. Here the grass was pulled up, and preparations were made for the same kind of ceremony we read of a little while ago. This being over, presents were given to the women and children.

Lewis then told the Indians that his men had eaten nothing since the day before. The chief replied that they themselves had nothing but some cakes made of dried berries. These they gladly gave, and the white men as gladly ate. A walk to the small stream followed this poor meal. The Indians said that the stream soon became wider, but that there was no wood on its banks large enough for canoes.

On the way back to the camp a young Indian called Lewis into his tent and gave him a bit of smoked salmon. This was proof indeed that they were on the Columbia River. No other river produced such fish as that, but Lewis did not know it. A dance closed this exciting day, but long before the harsh music died away Lewis had withdrawn to his own tent.

CHAPTER XIX

AMONG THE INDIANS

Among these friendly mountain people Lewis decided to stay, and wait for Captain Clark and the remainder of the party. He had nothing but parched corn and dried berries for food. Every moment was spent in studying the country and the people, and in planning the details for the remaining part of the journey. No game but antelopes could be found, and these could seldom be caught. The Indian manner of hunting them was most interesting to watch, but rather disappointing in its results. The hunters would place themselves in groups about a great circle. In the middle of the circle was the herd of antelopes. One group of hunters would then rush out on their trained ponies and chase the herd across the plain to another group of hunters. These hunters would chase them back. Another set would then rush out from another point and take up the hunt. This was kept up until the game was worn out, or could be reached by the hunters' arrows. Often

all escaped, and the men would return with foaming horses, but no game. Forty or fifty hunters would sometimes work all day for two or three antelopes.

Finding the Indians continued to be friendly, Lewis tried to persuade them to send a party of men and horses with him to meet Captain Clark. After many trials they finally promised, but again and again they put off the start. They feared that Lewis was trying to deceive them, and that the party would prove to be enemies. At last Lewis made a long and wise speech, in which he asked them if they were afraid. Now this is a tender point with an Indian. He will face any danger rather than be thought cowardly. As a result the chief said he at least would go, if he went alone. A small party joined him, and they set out, leaving their squaws lamenting loudly. The squaws believed their braves were riding to certain death. The party had not gone far when more braves joined them, and though they felt very suspicious, they really did stay with Lewis until he met Clark.

I have said that the explorers had little to eat, Lewis himself often going hungry. One day a deer was killed. The Indians greedily ate the

intestines as fast as the hunters threw them aside. They did not touch the good meat, however, until it was given to them, but when it was given to them they ate it raw.

Now, although Lewis had said he would meet his party at the forks of the river, he knew they might be delayed. If they were not there the Indians would instantly kill him. So he sent one of his men with one of the Indians and told him to bring a note which he would find stuck in a pole at the forks. This was his own note, written and left for Captain Clark. By telling the Indians it had been put on the pole for him by a messenger from Clark's party, he succeeded in keeping them quiet. He said the note told him they were delayed, but would soon arrive. He then sent another messenger down the river to hurry Clark along if he should meet him.

It was a very anxious time, but Lewis was cheerful and apparently careless, and his courage was soon rewarded by the sight of the party. The Indians showed their own relief by embracing Lewis fervently.

While they were waiting, Lewis had told them of the Indian woman of their own tribe, Sacajawea, and the black man, York. When she, sitting in

one of the boats, saw the party, she began to dance, to sing, and give every sign of great joy. She sucked her fingers to let them know that she belonged to their tribe. When the savages saw her they shouted joyfully, and when they drew nearer, some of them recognized her as an old acquaintance. They greeted her in their boisterous way, and welcomed her back to her own people and country.

At once Lewis was seated on a white robe, and the chief tied six small white shells in his hair. This was a mark of great honor. Moccasins were taken off and the peace-pipe smoked. Then Sacajawea was called in to act as interpreter. Just as she was beginning to talk she suddenly stopped; then she jumped up, flung her arms about one of the braves, threw her blanket over him, and burst out crying. The young man was her brother. From him she learned that her entire family was dead, except two brothers and a small nephew. This boy she at once took for her own.



SACAJAWEA
THE INTERPRETER'S WIFE

CHAPTER XX

HESITATION

When the woman was quiet enough to act as interpreter, speeches were made explaining the purpose of the expedition, and asking the Indians if they would help them by selling them some horses. The Indians replied that they would do all they could, They said the party could not travel by water because of the rapids in the river.

One Indian drew a map, using a stick for a pencil and the dust for paper. He showed where the river ran, and made little piles of sand for the mountains. He said these mountains were covered with snow, and that the banks of the river were solid rock. The river itself was covered with foam. He declared no nation had ever crossed these mountains, but they had all heard of a river running to an ill-tasting lake.

Other Indians told him they would have steep mountains to cross where there was no game. There would be roots to eat, but they would have to fight for them with the mountain Indians, who

lived like bears in holes. They said the horses' feet would be cut to pieces by the rough road.

After a time they would come to a desert, where for ten days they would find no grass nor water for horses. They must then pass through many hostile tribes, but if they kept on they would at last reach the ocean. One man promised to go with them if they would wait until spring. Lewis and Clark both felt that this route through the desert would lead them to the Gulf of California, and not to Oregon. So they chose a more northerly route, and Clark set out with eleven men to see whether the trip must really be by land instead of water.

Lewis remained with the friendly Indians, and bought some horses. He paid queer prices for them. He bought three good horses for a coat, some leggings, handkerchiefs, and knives; in value to him about twenty dollars, but wealth to the Indians. Later the price rose, and a horse cost a pistol, a knife, and a hundred rounds of powder and ball.

As Clark and his men pursued their journey they were provided with salmon, dried and fresh, which the Indians caught in weirs. The way proved as difficult as the Indians had said. Salmon were

scarce, the Indians were leaving the river for their winter hunting-grounds, and Clark was convinced that travel by water was impossible. He therefore retraced his steps and tried another route; and though he fell and severely hurt his knee, still he pushed on.

Again convinced of the uselessness of such attempts, Clark sent a messenger to Lewis with his decision. With no food but berries, which made them all ill, and sometimes without any food at all, they hurried to meet Lewis.

With wasting strength, they encamped and decided to go no farther, but to wait there for the coming of Lewis and his party. They cached all extra baggage, and when Lewis joined them, nine days later, preparations for the mountain journey were well advanced.

Lewis had secured twenty-nine horses from the Shoshones, whose wealth was horses. But he also had suffered much from lack of food and threatened treachery. Once he had proved his sincerity by giving the whole of a deer to the women and children of the tribe while going hungry himself.

The Indians from whom Lewis had gotten the horses had many interesting customs and ceremonies. One of these ceremonies was the making

of a shield. When some warrior needed a shield, a feast was given to all the old men, warriors, and jugglers. After the feast a hole eighteen inches deep was dug in the ground. This hole was the same size as the shield they wished to make. Red-hot stones were then thrown into the hole, and water poured over the stones. Of course a heavy steam would rise. Then the entire fresh hide of a buffalo was laid across the hole, the fleshy side down, and everybody took hold of it and stretched it with all their might. When they thought it had been stretched enough, they set to work and pounded it with their bare heels as hard as they could pound. This pounding would last several days. The shield was then declared proof against arrows or bullets, and handed over to the owner.

They always fought on horseback; and they had armor for themselves and their horses, made of layers and layers of the skins of antelopes. They made fire by whirling one stick around on another, and, like many tribes, they cut their hair as a sign of mourning. They used very few metal tools, and had only a few knives, brass kettles, bracelets, buttons, and spearheads, which they had gained by trading. In spite of all their warlike characteristics they were kind to the aged.

CHAPTER XXI

DOWN THE SNAKE RIVER

But the time came when our party must move on, and the month which followed was full of dreadful experiences. Rain, snow, hail, and sleet impeded their way. Bushes had to be cut down and fallen trees climbed over.

The horses sometimes slipped and fell long distances down the sides of the mountain. Sometimes they strayed away in the night. One horse loaded with a desk and a small trunk rolled over and over for a hundred and twenty feet and then bumped against a great tree, which stopped him. The desk was broken, but the horse was not hurt at all. Two horses dropped exhausted and had to be left behind, while the men took up their loads. More horses had to be bought from tribes in the mountains.

The men were often wet to the skin and suffered from frozen feet. There were streams to cross and recross full of ice and water. The baggage was frozen. Much time was lost in trying to get

food. At last it became necessary to kill a colt for food, and the creek where they were then camped was called "Colt Killed Creek."

The men grew low-spirited. No game could be found. A second colt was killed, and a third; and one night there was nothing to eat but a little canned soup. The creek where they encamped that night they called "Hungry Creek."

Occasionally Indian tribes were met, and though they had but little food, they gladly shared it. Even this amount of food after their long hunger made many of the men ill, and when a few days later roots became plentiful, all the men were very sick from overeating.

Late in September they came to navigable water, and found trees large enough for making canoes. The horses were collected and branded, and given into the care of the Indians to be kept until the return of the explorers.

Saddles were cached, as well as powder and balls. The canoes were finished and launched, and once more the explorers were floating down a river. It was not smooth sailing, however, for rocks were plentiful, and the upsetting of a boat was a common occurrence.

At last the present site of Lewiston, Idaho, was

reached. There the Indians fairly swarmed about them, and from them the explorers bought a few dogs for change of diet. These Indians made fun of them and called them "dog-eaters." They were of the Chopunnish tribes that never ate dog.

Down the Snake River they floated, buying dogs and fish, and driving sharp bargains with the natives. Among these Indians they noted one curious custom, most uncommon among savages. They took baths! A hole was dug in the ground and covered closely, leaving room for several people inside. The bath was a social affair, and a refusal to bathe was a great insult. When the bathers were ready, they would go into the hole with a number of hot stones and jugs of water. The water was thrown on the stones and made a hot steam. In this steam the bathers sat for some time. Then, running out, they would leap into a cold stream, afterward going back to the steaming again.

In each tribe there were some interesting things to observe. The Sohulks were kind to old people, which was most unusual. Their wives were treated well, too, which was also unusual. But as a tribe they suffered from two great inconveniences. They had poor teeth and poor eyes.

CHAPTER XXII

DOWN THE COLUMBIA

At last the Columbia River was reached, and for a little time traveling proved more comfortable. Frequent councils were held, and the Indians were often entertained by being shown the wonders of the shotgun and burning-glass.

Lewis and Clark, on the other hand, were equally interested in seeing how the Indians prepared the famous Columbia River salmon. After the fish were caught they were dried in the sun, and pounded between two stones. Baskets made of rushes and grass, and lined with fish-skins, were then filled with the pounded fish, covered, and left outdoors until sold. The fish so prepared will keep good for years.

The Indian method of burying trout was also interesting. First a hole was dug and lined with straw. Over the straw skins were laid, and the trout put into the skins. Other skins were thrown over the fish, and the hole closed with dirt twelve or fifteen inches deep.

Late in October they caught their first glimpse of Mt. Hood, and within a few hours they arrived at the rapids above the falls of the Columbia. Whenever it could possibly be done, the canoes were let down by ropes, still keeping them in the water; but when the rocks were too thick and the current too rapid, there was nothing left to do but to carry the canoes overland.

Once past the falls, they saw what they had not seen since leaving the Indians in Illinois. These were wooden houses. They were very queerly built. First a large hole six feet deep, thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide was dug in the ground. This hole was then lined with boards, which reached just above the surface of the ground.

A roof was put on, a crack being left the whole length of the roof for the smoke to escape. A doorway twenty-nine and one-half inches high, fourteen inches wide, and eighteen inches above ground was left. In front of this a mat was hung for a door. Half of this house was used for storing fish and berries; the other half was used by the family. Little bedsteads were built around the sides, while the fire burned in the middle.

In a short time the explorers came to the rapids and narrows of the Columbia, now known



INDIANS ON HORSEBACK

1891, 1892
1893, 1894

as the Dalles. As the canoes were too large to be carried, and too heavily loaded to float in such shallow water, there was but one plan to follow, the baggage must be transferred by land, and the canoes let down by water. Accordingly the perilous descent began, watched by a great crowd of Indians. Three canoes slipped safely through the boiling water; the fourth was nearly filled with it, while the fifth escaped with but little damage. For half a mile the struggle was tremendous; two and a half miles more were hard, but after this the river broadened and became calm, and the boats dropped quietly down to the next rapids. Here it became necessary to slip some of the heavier canoes from one rock to another on poles, while the lighter ones were safely guided between them.

The Indian guides were sent back. The explorers needed them no longer. Tide water lapped the sides of their canoes.

As the explorers approached the mouth of the river, heavy fogs often hid the banks completely from their view, and made navigation dangerous. But one day in November the fog lifted, and the "ocean was in view! Oh, the joy! The object of all our labors; the reward of all our anxieties."

The roar of the breakers was delightful music to the men, and "great cheerfulness" became the mood of the whole party. But the waves ran high, and the men became seasick. The water was too salty to use. The baggage could not be placed above the reach of the tide. At length they contrived to lift it on poles, and then "passed a disagreeable night." The rain fell dismally, the canoes were filled with water, the tide came booming in. Huge trees floating out with the current knocked against their camp, and the canoes were nearly crushed to pieces. All the next day was spent in the pouring rain, with only fish to eat and rainwater to drink. Still the men were cheerful.

On the following night the camp was made on driftwood by the shore. The tide rose high, and threatened to cover them. Stones came rolling down upon them from the cliffs above. The men, adrift on floating logs or hidden in the crevices of the rocks, cowered from the storm. The underbrush was so thick there was no escape by land. The hunters could not go out. Dry raw fish was their only food. The furious gale blew continuously. In despair Captain Clark pulled himself up the mountain-like cliff by bushes to reconnoiter, but clouds shut off his view.

CHAPTER XXIII

FORT CLATSOP AND THE START HOME

At the end of six days the storm subsided, and the men once more embarked. At the mouth of the Columbia they determined to make a permanent camp. They built some rough huts or cabins, called the place Fort Clatsop, and there lived four months, during which time the rain fell almost constantly. Food was hard to find, their clothing was in a deplorable condition, and they were obliged to pay outrageous prices to the Indians for anything they bought. Yet they did not despair.

Early in December Clark chronicled their arrival on the Pacific coast in these words which he cut into a tree: "William Clark, December 3, 1805. By land from the U. S. in 1804 and 5."

Christmas was celebrated as usual by a discharge of firearms and a song from the men. Handkerchiefs and tobacco were distributed as gifts and a dinner of spoiled elk's meat, a few roots, and some sour pounded fish was eaten with as good a grace as possible.

As soon as they could be spared, five men were sent to the sea, each armed with a kettle. In these kettles they were to boil sea-water and make some salt. Other men were sent out to hunt, while a third division was set to work making pickets and setting them up around the fort.

One day word was brought to the fort that a whale had drifted ashore at a point many miles distant. An eager party at once set out to see it. At times traveling in canoes, again climbing mountains, and enduring many discomforts, they pushed boldly forward toward the place that had been named. They met fourteen Indians loaded with oil and blubber. Then descending from the mountains and traversing the sandy beach for a long distance, they found the whale. Nothing remained but the skeleton, one hundred and five feet long. The Indians had stripped it and were busily boiling the blubber in a square wooden trough. Into this trough they dropped hot stones. When the oil was ready it was put into the bladder and intestines of the whale for preservation. A high price was paid for a very little blubber and oil, and the party returned to Fort Clatsop.

Thus the dreary months of winter wore away. The men were often ill, and longed for the return

journey to begin. Feeling that they had accomplished all they could at Fort Clatsop, they only waited a cessation of rain to start for home.

With difficulty they persuaded an Indian to sell them a canoe for a coat and a bit of tobacco. They had a second canoe which they had taken from the Indians by way of reprisal for some elk meat which the savages had stolen from them in the winter. It was leaky, however, and scarcely seaworthy in the smoothest water. Having calked the seams in this canoe, they loaded both with such poor baggage as they had, and then bidding good by to Fort Clatsop, started, some by water, some by land, upon their long journey homeward.

This was on the twenty-third of March, 1806. That night they camped at the mouth of a small creek only sixteen miles above Fort Clatsop. The next day they bought a dog to serve as food for the sick men, and then resumed their journey.

The passage up the river was slow and beset with difficulties. They tried to buy food from the Indians, who either refused to sell or charged such prices as could not be paid. At length the hunters brought in a little seal meat, three eagles, and a large goose. One day seven deer were shot, but before they could be brought in the vultures had

picked them to the bone. There was much game, but the great ferns which grew on the river banks were so dry that the rustling noise made by the men pushing through them often frightened the animals away.

Thus during the first half of the month of April the explorers toiled slowly up the great river. Sometimes they would make a brief stop in some Indian settlement, partly for the purpose of trading and partly to observe and take note of the peculiar character and habits of these savage denizens of the woods. Sometimes the greater part of a day was spent in curing meat or in providing a store of such other food as could be obtained from the natives.

A potato-like root called wappato was much prized by the Indians, and at certain seasons of the year was their chief food. It was found in ponds, the plants growing up like water lilies from the mud at the bottom. It was gathered usually by the women. Each woman went out in her own canoe; and when she arrived at the proper place she would leap out into the water, which was sometimes almost shoulder high. There she would stand with her feet in the mud, and by means of her toes separate the bulb-like roots

from the plants. The roots would then rise to the surface and the woman would throw them into the canoe.

On the eighteenth of April the explorers



THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA

reached the Dalles of the Columbia. You will remember the great difficulties which they encountered here on their downward journey; it is not surprising to learn that the ascent of the long rapids was much more laborious and dangerous than the descent had been.

CHAPTER XXIV

ASCENT OF THE COLUMBIA

It was found impossible to carry the canoes around the rapids, and they were therefore of no further use. Earnest efforts were made to trade them for horses, but with no success. When, however, the men began to split them to pieces, rather than leave them to the Indians, the savages relented and handed over some beads, which Lewis and Clark were very glad to get.

After leaving the falls, a forced march of several days brought the explorers to the tribe of the Walla Wallas. The welcome given by these good Indians seemed most refreshing to the captains. The chief himself stalked off to gather an armful of wood and bring them some fish. He urged them to remain and collect a supply of food.

When the savages learned the real intentions and plans of the explorers, they made every effort to help them. They told them of a road which would shorten their hard journey by eighty miles, and sold them a number of dogs. The chief

brought a fine horse. For this he asked a kettle, but as there were no kettles left, Clark gave him his own sword and some ammunition. This pleased the chief so much that the long-suffering party was treated to a dance in the evening.

At length the Columbia was left behind, and the expedition pushed eastward overland, along the Kooskooskee River. The Indians who lived in this region would not eat dogs, and made much fun of the "dog-eating men." One day when our men were dining, an Indian flung a live puppy into Lewis's plate. Lewis instantly threw it back, striking the Indian full in the face, and promised to follow the puppy with a tomahawk if such a thing happened again.

The reputation of the captains for curing sickness had preceded them, and was now of great use to them.

Early in May the Kooskooskee was crossed. On the same day the captains were surprised by an Indian bringing them two canisters of powder. These he said his dog had dug up. Lewis and Clark knew they were canisters which they had cached on the way down the river. They therefore went to see if the dogs had dug up the saddles cached near the same spot. Sure enough, the

cache had been opened, but the old chief said the river had risen and done the mischief. He had reburied everything he could find.

They next tried to find the horses which they had left there. The chief had promised to take care of them for some guns and ammunition. A thoroughgoing search was undertaken, and a few of the horses were found. Some were in good condition, but others showed signs of hard usage.

The Indians were now gathering moss from the trees and cones from the pine trees. These they cooked and ate a little later in the season. Just now they had a few roots and some dried trout, which they generously shared with our men, and even gave them two fat horses. This generous gift was heartily appreciated by the explorers.

Lewis and Clark did their best to show their gratitude by curing the sick. In this work Clark seemed to be the favorite. Indeed, he seemed always to win the love and confidence of the Indians. While he gave out the medicine, Lewis conducted councils. He at last induced the Indians to promise guides to conduct them over the mountains. But the party must wait a month. As there seemed no help for it, they finally encamped in a place advised by the Indians.

CHAPTER XXV

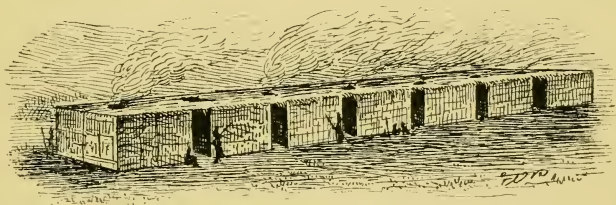
CROSSING THE BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS

This place had once been a village, but only a sunken circle now remained to mark the spot. Into this depression the men put their baggage, and around its edges they built their tents of grass and sticks. The camp was on the east side of the Kooskooskee River, and because it was in the country of the Chopunnish Indians, was called Camp Chopunnish. Good pasturage for the horses was near and the salmon were daily expected in the river.

No sooner were the explorers settled than a dozen Indians appeared on the opposite bank and began to sing. This was their sign of friendship, and their friendship was very genuine. They showed it by supplying them with more horses and by teaching them new ways of hunting and cooking game.

One day the hunters brought in some bear's meat, and the Indians cooked it in this queer way: First they built a hot fire and laid some smooth

stones on it. The hot stones were laid side by side and covered with pine branches. The bear meat was then spread on the pine branches, and another layer of pine put over it. On top of this was placed another layer of meat and another layer of pine. Over this water was poured, and a layer of earth several inches deep covered the whole mass. Three hours later the "bake" was uncovered.



CHOPUNNISH DWELLINGS

The meat was very tender, but the taste of the pine spoiled it for the white men.

The principal game here was deer, and they were scarce. The Indians had a peculiar method of hunting them. A hunter would take a deer's head and skin, kept in shape by a frame of sticks, and holding it so it would look like a feeding deer, decoy the herd within reach of his arrows.

Meanwhile the days passed slowly, and at length about the middle of June the party left Camp Cho-

punnish, where they had been nearly a month, and set out to cross the Bitter Root Mountains.

For twenty-two miles they struggled along through slippery mud in a heavy rain. As they got higher up on the mountains snow began to appear. Soon they were traveling over drifts fifteen feet deep, with a crust hard enough to bear the horses. The weather was so cold as to benumb hands and feet, and make the danger of freezing a constant one. At length they halted. Should they go on or should they return? Travel over the smooth, crusty snow was far easier than through an unbroken wilderness where there was not so much as a path. But on the other hand, where there was snow there was no grass for the horses.

After much deliberation it was decided to leave the baggage, and, while the horses were still strong, return where they could get food and guides. Poles were put up between trees, and the baggage, after being carefully covered with skins, was hung from the poles. As this baggage consisted largely of maps, papers, and instruments, they felt it would be better to leave it than be encumbered with it on the backward journey.

In all their thousands of miles of travel, this

was the first time they had ever been obliged to turn back because they could not overcome difficulties ahead. They had gone in the wrong direction and been forced to return once before, but that was only because a mistake had been made. The captains feared the men would be discouraged, but they were not; they knew it was necessary, and that was enough.

In a few days, finding the snow was not so deep around the trees, expert woodsmen were sent ahead to see if they could follow the trail. They were to examine the trees carefully. If they found marks made by the scraping of passing Indian ponies, they were to blaze these trees with tomahawks. The party could then easily follow the blazed trees.

Guides were secured, and the party started to make a second attempt to cross the Bitter Root Mountains. The top was safely reached. There they found the cache that had previously been made. The baggage was repacked, and the party hurried forward on top of ten feet of snow. The marks on the trees were very faint, but the guides went straight ahead without an instant's hesitation. Occasionally a bare spot of ground was seen, and the well-defined summer road it disclosed was

proof that they were on the right trail. On they pushed day after day, and on the first of July they arrived on the banks of Clark's Fork at the mouth of a creek, which they called 'Travelers' Rest.

Here they decided to stay and rest a day or two, and then divide the expedition into two parties. Lewis with nine men was to go direct to the falls of the Missouri. Leaving three men there to make wagons to carry baggage and canoes around the falls, he with the other six men was to explore the Marias River.

The rest of the party under Clark was to go across country to that point on the Jefferson River where the explorers had cached their canoes and other articles on their way out. Sergeant Ordway with nine men was then to take these canoes and descend the river to its junction with the Missouri, and thence float down to the falls. The others with Captain Clark were to cross the open country to the Yellowstone River. There they were to build canoes, descend the river, and wait for Lewis at the junction of that stream with the Missouri.

We will first follow Captain Lewis and his men, and then the party of Captain Clark.

CHAPTER XXVI

CAPTAIN LEWIS'S ADVENTURES

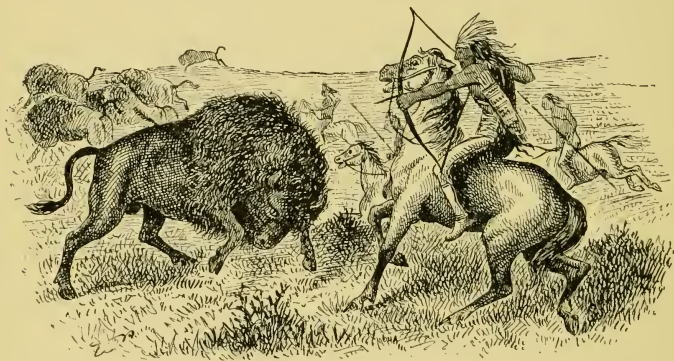
Captain Lewis's Indian guides left him as soon as the trail became well defined and returned to their tribes.

Plains, woods, hills, rivers, and creeks were crossed. Early in July Lewis and his party arrived at a narrow pass through the mountains. To their great delight this pass proved to be through the dividing-ridge between the Columbia River and the Missouri River. It has ever since been known as Lewis and Clark's Pass.

About the middle of July they came to the cache which they had made nearly a year before at the head of the falls of the Missouri. To their great disappointment they found that a flood had soaked everything. Specimens of plants were ruined, but some maps and charts were uninjured. Nothing had happened to the cottonwood wagon-wheels, and the iron boat-frame was not hurt by its long burial.

The contents of one cache being examined, a

man was sent off to examine the other one. On the way he had a dreadful experience. Riding quietly along, he suddenly found himself within ten feet of a huge grizzly bear. His terrified horse whirled about and threw the man headlong under the bear's head. Lifting himself on his



INDIANS HUNTING BUFFALOES AT THE GREAT FALLS

hind feet, the great beast spread his forelegs for the hug which would have killed the man. Like a flash the man struck him with the butt-end of his gun. He broke the gun but knocked the bear to the ground. Scrambling up a tree, the man was out of reach before the bear could recover himself. But Mr. Bear quietly sat down under the branches and, licking his chops, waited for his

game to come down. There he sat all the afternoon, but as night came on he lumbered slowly away. When he was well out of sight, the man came down, and hastened back to the camp.

Ever since emerging from the pass they had found food very plentiful. Near the falls herds of buffaloes, ten thousand strong, were seen. Fat dogs, pounded fish, tough roots, and boiled moss were now things of the past. The bellowing of the buffaloes was so deafening that on some nights it was difficult to sleep. The horses, coming from the land of no buffaloes, were much terrified, and snorted and plunged with fright.

With his arrival at the falls of the Missouri, the first part of Lewis's journey was accomplished. He therefore, with three men, set out on horseback for the Marias River, and ascended it to one of its sources. At first thought this would seem to be a useless journey, but it was thought necessary in order to settle the question whether its entire course was in territory belonging to the United States.

The other six men were left at the falls to await the coming of Sergeant Ordway with his party, when they would assist him in carrying the canoes and baggage over the portage. After this

they were to embark on the Missouri, and the parties were to reunite at the mouth of the Marias.

One day as Captain Lewis and his party were riding along the bank of the Marias River, they descried a band of about thirty Indians on horseback, hovering in the distance. Some of the Indian horses had saddles, and this led Lewis to suspect the party was a band of Minnetarees, who were great thieves. There was no way to retreat. There was nothing to do but to face the danger boldly. Hoisting the American flag, Captain Lewis and his men rode slowly forward.

The Indians were evidently watching one of Lewis's scouts who had been sent ahead, and when they caught sight of the other three men they fled in every direction. In a little while they cautiously returned and held a hurried consultation. Suddenly the chief left his comrades and rode straight toward Captain Lewis. Pulling his pony to a sudden halt one hundred steps from where Lewis stood, he coolly surveyed him for a moment, wheeled and rode back like the wind. In a few moments the entire band rode toward our party. Feeling that he would rather die than lose his maps, papers, and journals, Captain Lewis charged his men to resist to the last moment.

But the Indians when they arrived dismounted from their horses, shook hands with the white men, and asked to smoke with them. The pipe was produced, and presents were handed around. General good feeling prevailed, the danger seemed past, and both parties went into camp. There were many things to be discussed. Each party told the other its history and plans, and the smoking continued until about eleven o'clock.

Captain Lewis lay down to sleep. The dusky visitors appeared also to sleep. The fire crackled and burned low. The guard kept his silent watch. At daybreak all was quiet. A few moments later, as one of the men stood by the fire, an Indian slipped up behind him and snatched two guns. Two other Indians quickly secured the rifles of men still asleep. The alarm rang out, chase was given to the thieves, the rifles were recovered, and one Indian lay dead not fifteen steps away. The real reason for the snatching of the guns was soon discovered. It was a ruse. The main party of the Indians was driving off the horses. Seeing themselves hotly pursued, the Indians retreated in great haste. They succeeded in driving away only one of Captain Lewis's horses, while they left four of their own behind.

Fearing that this was only the beginning of trouble, and expecting another attack at the mouth of the Marias River, Captain Lewis attempted to reach that point first, and prepare for the combat. As the four men approached the place where the Marias joins the Missouri, shots were heard. They hurried forward, but to their "exquisite satisfaction" they saw, instead of Indians, the six men who had been left at the Great Falls, and also Sergeant Ordway's party of nine, who had joined them a few days before. To Captain Lewis this fortunate meeting seemed almost too good to be true.

Rain, rain, rain followed for several days. Hurrying down the Missouri River, Captain Lewis and his little party passed the Big Dry, the Milk, the Porcupine, and many smaller branches of that great river. The current was rapid, the boatmen were of the best, and their progress was unhindered by any adverse circumstances. On the 17th of August they reached the Yellowstone. Here they had hoped to find Clark's party, but instead they found only a note which informed them that the party had been there, but had moved on.

Captain Lewis, therefore, again embarked, and floated swiftly down the stream, hoping to reach Captain Clark's camp in the night. In this, how-

ever, he was disappointed. With the dawn of the next day he gave up the chase, and proceeded in a more leisurely manner.

On the 11th a large herd of elks was seen on a sand bar that was thickly overgrown with willows. Captain Lewis with one of the hunters went on shore to shoot some of them. Dressed in his brown elk-skin suit, he was cautiously approaching the herd when, through the carelessness of the



AMERICAN ELKS

other hunter, he received a severe gunshot wound in the thigh. The wound was dressed, and the men, again embarking, floated rapidly down the stream.

The very next day Captain Clark's party was overtaken at a point a little below the mouth of Little Knife Creek. So ended the exploration of Captain Lewis's party.

CHAPTER XXVII

CAPTAIN CLARK'S ADVENTURES

In the meantime what had Captain Clark been doing?

You will remember he had left Captain Lewis at the junction of Travelers' Rest Creek with Clark's Fork, and that he had started up this river in a southerly direction with fifteen men and fifty horses. His company celebrated July 4th by an early halt and a feast of roots and a small piece of venison. For several days thereafter they pushed steadily forward, fording numerous streams, coming occasionally upon deserted camp-fires, and following the tracks of buffalo herds, bearing always in mind the chief object of their expedition, to learn all that they could about the geography of that remarkable region.

Retarded by rains, they were a long time in reaching the cache on the Jefferson River. They traveled a hundred and sixty-four miles through a mountain pass, where if the trees were only cut down a road good enough for wagons could be

made. The discovery of this easy pass proved afterward to be of great importance, although Captain Clark did not realize it at the time.

The canoes which had been left at the cache were now launched on the river, and the party proceeded, some by land and others by water. Those in the canoes took care of the baggage, while Clark and the men on shore examined the country. The party on the water proceeded more rapidly, however, than the men on land, and Clark decided to join the former. Both parties reached the junction of the Jefferson and the Galatin at almost the same hour. Sergeant Ordway and nine men now embarked in a canoe, intending to float down the Missouri to the great falls. We have already seen that he did this and afterward joined Lewis at the mouth of the Marias.

Sacajawea, the squaw, acted as guide to Captain Clark's party, and following her directions they safely reached the high land which divides the headwaters of the Yellowstone River from those of the Missouri. Nine miles beyond this they arrived at the Yellowstone, just below the place where it issues from the mountains. A bold and rapid stream it was, a hundred and twenty yards broad, and widening to nearly two miles in the valley below.

Since they could find no trees large enough to make canoes, it was necessary to continue the journey on horseback. This was a hard task, for the horses' feet were worn almost to the quick. If they had not been fitted with buffalo-skin moccasins, they would soon have been unable to walk.

At a distance of eighteen miles down the river Captain Clark found a fine grove in which were several trees large enough for small canoes. Here a camp was made, and the entire company settled down for a few days' hard work. Some were engaged in making canoes, others in hunting or in dressing skins for clothing. At the end of the fourth day two canoes, each twenty-eight feet long, eighteen inches deep, and about twenty-four inches wide, had been made. These canoes were lashed together and packed with baggage, and when everything was in readiness the company embarked and the journey was resumed.

Occasionally interesting Indian signs were seen. One day a lodge decorated with eagles' feathers and circular bits of wood, a bush of cedar and a buffalo head, was discovered. Another day a huge rock was seen curiously carved by the Indians. Clark named this rock Pompey's Pillar, and cut his own name upon it. His name may

still be seen there. From this rock the view was a wide one. There were mountains, deep valleys, winding rivers, and high cliffs, and on the plains were grazing herds of elks and buffaloes.

On the 27th of July they took their last look at the Rocky Mountains, which had been constantly in sight since the 1st of May. On the 3d of August they reached the mouth of the Yellowstone, and encamped on the same spot where they had stopped on their way up more than fifteen months before. Here the canoes were unloaded, and the baggage spread out to dry.

As a result of this expedition, Captain Clark learned that the Yellowstone River is navigable for nearly nine hundred miles. At its mouth was a fine place for a trading post or fort. Only a few years later such buildings were actually erected. At this commanding spot the mosquitoes were found to be in full possession, and Captain Clark was forced, much against his will, to move on. He accordingly re-embarked, and the canoes, with his whole company on board, dropped slowly down the river. On the 12th of August, to the great joy of all, they were overtaken by Captain Lewis's party. The explorers were once more united in a single party.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE END OF THE GREAT EXPEDITION

You will remember that Captain Lewis had been accidentally wounded. He now lay helpless in the bottom of a boat; but travel by water was not especially trying, and the voyagers proceeded without any delay. They reached the country of the Mandans in due time, and there the party began to break up. One man obtained permission to return up the Missouri with some strolling traders. The French interpreter and his wife, Sacajawea, asked to be taken no farther, and their request was granted. Their wages were paid, and they departed to their Indian friends. Sacajawea, who had so patiently borne the fatigues of the long journey, had been a wonder to the explorers. With her baby, born during the journey, and now only nineteen months old, she had traversed the whole distance without a murmur.

By dint of much persuasion, a chief, Big White by name, consented to go to Washington with the captains. He left behind him a wailing family

and many weeping friends. After cordial greetings and good-byes to their Mandan friends, a farewell gun was fired, and the boats dropped down to Fort Mandan. Here they found that all the buildings but one had been accidentally burned to the ground.

High winds and waves made their future progress dangerous, and the great changes in the bed of the river threatened constantly to mislead them. Where there had been sand bars two years before, the deep current was now running. Where the current had been deepest, islands were seen covered with willows several feet high. The traders whom they met brought alarming reports of war parties of Sioux, seven hundred strong. These reports put them on their guard, but did not retard their progress.

Early in September they met an American on his way up the river to trade with the Indians. He had just come from St. Louis. Nearly all night the captains sat up and eagerly talked with him. Think what it meant to these men to see some one who could tell them what had been going on in the world during the two years they had been in the wilderness.

Three weeks later they saw some cows grazing

in a field by the river. The sight caused every man to shout for joy, for it was a sure sign that they were approaching civilization. The next day but one they touched at the gay French village of St. Charles, and were once more greeted by old acquaintances. On the 23d of September their boats glided into the Mississippi, and they soon afterward landed at St. Louis. So ended this great expedition.

Five months later Captains Lewis and Clark presented themselves in Washington with their trophies and their wonderful stock of information about the great West. The whole nation had been deeply interested in the expedition and its probable results.

Congress at once rewarded the young men with large grants of land. Within a month Captain Lewis was made governor of the great Territory of Louisiana, and a few days later Clark was made a general of militia and agent of Indian affairs. These were their nominal rewards, but could any gifts or honors truly recompense such courage, bravery, and devotion as theirs had been?

Two years later, in 1809, Lewis was on his way from St. Louis to Washington carrying important

papers. At a lonely cabin in Tennessee he stopped for the night. When morning dawned this brave and noble man lay dead. No one knows whether, worn out, anxious, and mentally depressed, he took his own life, or whether he died by another's hand. We only know that the country lost a true patriot, and a man of rare worth and ability. In the exact center of Lewis County, Tennessee, he was buried, and a broken granite shaft marks the spot. Upon this monument are cut the words written of him by Jefferson:

"His courage was undaunted; his firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities. A rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father of those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal, with a sound understanding, and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

As for William Clark, many years of usefulness followed his safe return. He seems to have been peculiarly loved by the Indians. They affectionately called him "Red Head," and St. Louis, where he made his home, was known as "Red Head's town." For seventeen years he served his country in many different capacities; but this service always brought him into close relations with the Indians. His dealings with them were

marked because of their strict honor. A man of his word, he believed that word should be as sacred with the Indian as with the white man. As a consequence, with them his word was law, and his signature was, in their figurative language, "powerful medicine." He died at the age of sixty-nine. While "great as a soldier, a statesman, a diplomat, and a patriot," he was perhaps greatest as an explorer.

Of him the Indians once said in council: "We have opened our ears to your words, and those of the Red Head's brother. We receive you as the son of the Red Head. Inasmuch as we love him, we love you, and do not wish to offend you."





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